THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXXI—No. 1048

JANUARY 2, 1924

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The BYSTANDER

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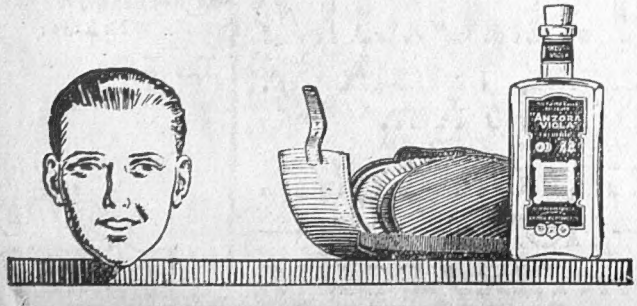

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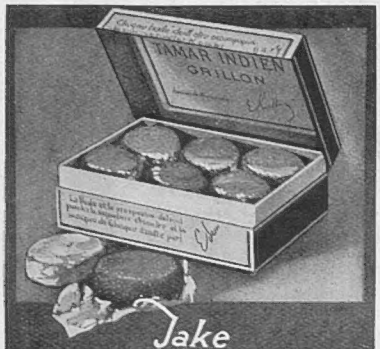

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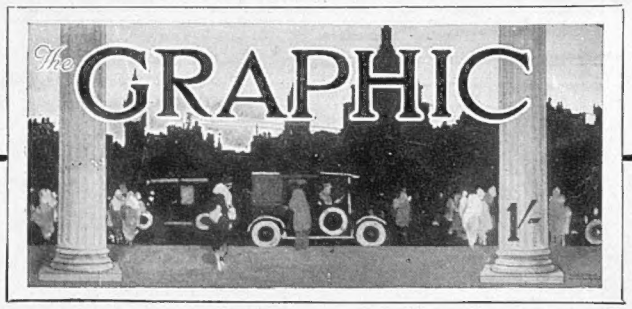

JANUARY 5, 1924,

will contain, among other features:—

ALADDIN IN LONDON:
A MEDLEY OF THE NEW YEAR
In Story and Picture by DONALD MAXWELL.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW:
AN AMUSING POLITICAL CARTOON
BY MATT

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F. SCHWENTER, Managing Director
Telegraphic Address: Meurisotel, Paris

The Bystander, January 2, 1924 No. 1048. Vol. LXXXI.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Claude Harris*

THE HON. MRS. TAHU RHODES

The wife of Captain Arthur Tahu Rhodes of Christchurch, New Zealand, and one of Lord Plunket's sisters. Captain Rhodes acted as A.D.C. to the Prince of Wales during his Australian tour.

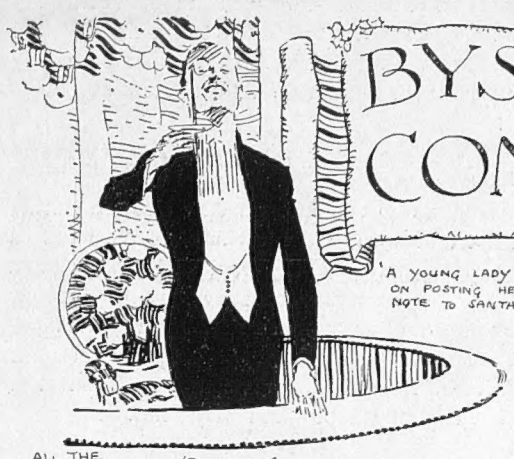
En Route For Government House, Pretoria

Photograph *Speaight*

PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, AND THE EARL OF ATHLONE

Who sail on Friday for South Africa where the Earl will take up his new position as Governor-General of the Union in succession to Prince Arthur of Connaught. Lord Athlone is the youngest son of the late Duke of Teck, and the younger brother of the Queen. He was appointed Governor-General of Canada in 1914, but the outbreak of War called him to less pleasant tasks, and he never took up the Canadian post. Princess Alice is the daughter of the late Duchess of Albany

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



Christmas Crackers

WHO is the miscreant who perpetrates the mottoes in Christmas crackers? A few nights ago I went to dine at a very famous London club. We ate turkey, plum pudding and mince pies, while, at the close of the meal, we pulled crackers across the tables.

Playing with Words

AS I have said, it was a very famous club, and it was filled on that occasion with very famous men. My *vis-à-vis* was an author of great note, the sort of man who loves to play with words as a child plays with coloured beads upon a string. After we had pulled a cracker, he put the paper cap upon his head, and all was happiness when, suddenly, the ghastly thing happened—a motto fell on his plate, and he read this:

I have brought my car dear,
And we won't go far dear;
But I guess how short the way
I will have my little say.

An Evil Thing

MY friend, the author, held the pink abomination between his finger and thumb as though it were an evil thing—as, indeed, it was, if viewed from his personal standard of taste. He loosened his collar and mopped his brow. I felt sure he would faint but the crisis passed, and he was able to order a liqueur brandy in a voice that was nearly normal. Then he asked me if that sort of thing was usual, or whether I thought one of the packer's grandchildren had written the motto and slipped it in by way of a joke.

Rare and Refreshing

WE spent the rest of the evening collecting the rare and refreshing fruit that fell from the cracker poet's particular tree of knowledge. This was the next golden apple that we chanced upon:

What do we care for the snow,
Sitting in the firelight's glow,
Let Jack Frost come as may,
We two will have nought to say.

Ye Gods!

AFTER that they weren't quite so good. There was, indeed, a marked falling off in quality, and I do not propose to cast a gloom upon this happy season by quoting further from the output of that poet's pen. Yet, stay, this one is not so bad:

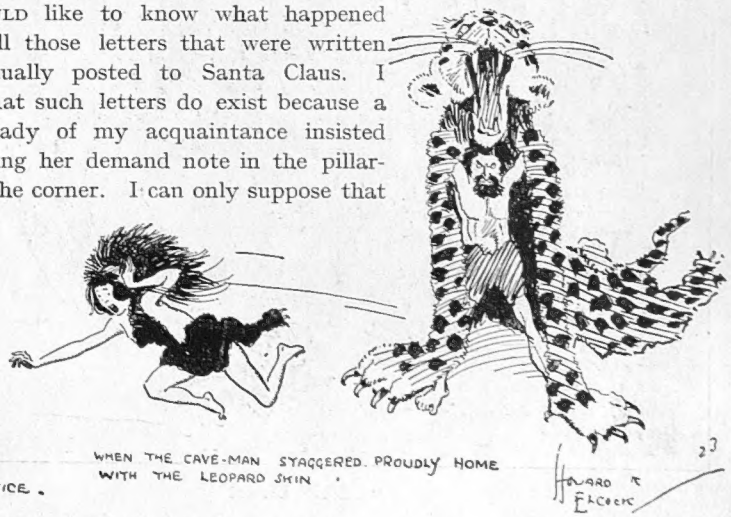
I love you for your happy ways,
Your laughter dimpled lips;
Ye God! I'd give my very life
To kiss your finger tips.

Poison for Poets

I WOULD hate to take the bread out of anyone's mouth, but I think something should be done about it. I notice that they are having a Rat Week at Redditch, and I don't see why they shouldn't have a Cracker Poet Week in the town where the Cracker Poets live. Possibly the Redditch authorities will have some of their rat poison left over and will sell a sack or two of it at a reduced rate. There is only one trouble. I doubt if you could poison a poet—not that sort of poet!

Dear Mr. Tschaikowsky—

I SHOULD like to know what happened to all those letters that were written and actually posted to Santa Claus. I know that such letters do exist because a young lady of my acquaintance insisted on posting her demand note in the pillar-box at the corner. I can only suppose that



the communications find the same resting-place as those which are addressed to Mr. Tschaikowsky at the Gaiety Theatre, and to Mr. Schubert, the composer of *Lilac Time*.

Keeping them Humble

ALTHOUGH theatrical managers look upon broadcasting with a hard, cold stare, the players are whole-hearted enthusiasts, and there is scarcely a dressing-room in London that cannot boast a listening-in set. Consequently, many cues were missed on the occasion of the last performance of *The Beggar's Opera*, when the overwhelming applause turned the grease-paint brigade positively green with envy. Applause is greatly magnified by wireless, and I imagine that managers rather encourage their stars to listen-in if only to convince them that they are not the only pebbles on the beach.

A "Counter" Irritant

HAS your wife asked you for a fur coat this Christmas? If she hasn't, you have the satisfaction that you possess a unique specimen of the species. Why the young girls' fancy should have turned to furs just now, I can't explain, but I like the suggestion that it is a throw-back to the older days when the cave-man staggered proudly home with the skin of a leopard and threw it at the feet of his lady love. Now that our girls are forbidden to "shingle," and have been warned against high-heeled shoes, I suppose they feel that it is up to them to provide a "counter" irritant—and furs it is!

Their Only Hope

EVEN supposing we *do* run into another election during the early part of 1924, I don't think we need fear a repetition or development of the incipient hooliganism that marred the polling in certain constituencies. If Labour supporters are wise—and they aren't fools by any means—they will put on their largest boots and stamp out this new form of enthusiasm immediately it comes to the surface. That, indeed, is their only hope—and they know it.

London Side-Shows

THOSE people who have time on their hands and still find London dull, should contract the habit of visiting some of the various side-shows that are always available. True, a little initiative is often required, but the result more than pays for the time and trouble involved. The other day I wandered into the Law Courts and found enough drama running to waste to fill half-a-dozen theatres for twelve months. If the first doesn't please you, you stroll along the corridor to the next door, repeating the experiment until you find something to suit your particular taste.

"LEAP YEAR" By Blam

THE ANGEL OF PEACE (*long neglected!*): "I wonder if they'll really say 'NO' to me again." (*I wonder!*—ED.)

Lawyers and the Law

THERE is another reason why you should do this. One of these days it may be your unhappy lot to figure in the Courts. If you are paying your first visit, you will be all hot and bothered and probably end by making an ass of yourself. If, on the other hand, it has been your custom to listen to occasional cases, you will feel at ease, and succeed in doing yourself and your case full justice. You will also be impressed by the trickiness of the average lawyer—and the absolute justice of the Law. Judges are wonderful people. I take off my hat to 'em!

A Happy Slogan

THE famous Midnight Follies at the Hotel Metropole, advertise themselves: "As fresh as a spring morning." I suppose they are thinking of those very early spring mornings that only hardened revellers experience—the sort of spring morning when the milkman is dreaming of heavy rain and churns with the lids off, and the dustman is still rubbing the dust out of his eyes. Some of us sampled those spring mornings during the War, and have never run across them since, more's the pity. I hope the Midnight Follies will be allowed to live up to their happy slogan, and that I shall enjoy the health-giving walk from Northumberland Avenue to South Kensington when the early morning sun is gilding the house-tops with much fine gold.

The Glorious Twelfth

WITH the commencement of "the Cup" competition, the business of Football must now be taken seriously, and all other topics fade away until they are lost to view. Will Southampton knock out Chelsea as they did last year, and how will the Corinthians fare against Blackburn Rovers? These are the *real* questions of the hour.

Controlling the Situation—(So He Says!)

BY E. T. REED

OLD AND BOLD ASQUITH: "That's right, me little dear! You trust to your dear kind old Uncle Herbert. I can't do anything much myself just now, but I can see that *no one else does anything either!*"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540) TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 7.45.
THE RUSSIAN BLUE BIRD PLAYERS, TRIX SISTERS, THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL PLAYERS, LOIE FULLER'S BALLET, GUS McNAUGHTON, JACK LANE, Etc.

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A New Musical Comedy.
Evenings at 8.15. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.15.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780). Nightly at 8.15 Mats., Tues. & Sat. at 2.15.
The ROBERT EVETT Production.
JOSÉ COLLINS in "CATHERINE."
Music by TSCHAIKOWSKY. LONDON'S GREATEST SUCCESS.

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MARGARET BANNERMAN. CONSTANCE COLLIER. MARION TERRY.
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Photograph] ROYALTY FOREGATHERS FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS *[G. P. U.*

Members of the Royal Family at St. Pancras just before their departure for Sandringham, where the Christmas holidays were spent. Above are seen the Earl of Athlone (left), the Queen, the Duke of York, Princess Alice, Princess Arthur of Connaught, Prince George, the Duchess of York, the King and Princess Royal

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Royal Christmas

THE King and Queen had the whole of their family with them for Christmas at York Cottage with the exception of Princess Mary. The Duke and Duchess of York travelled down with Their Majesties instead of preceding them by a day, as originally arranged. The Prince of Wales went down on Christmas Eve. A few days before he had dined and slept at Mentmore, the gorgeous Rothschild house in Buckinghamshire, which Lord Rosebery inherited from his wife, the daughter of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, and which he made over some little time ago to his heir, Lord Dalmeny. The Prince went to Mentmore for a drag-hunt. Lord Carnegie and Lady Maud Carnegie were of the Royal party, having returned from their honeymoon just before Christmas. They went down to Sandringham with the Princess Royal to stay with Queen Alexandra.

No Hunting

THE ukase against hunting has been expected ever since foot-and-mouth disease spread so alarmingly. If the ban has to be continued I expect we shall see a flight of a good many hunting folk to the Riviera. If you are keen on hunting and all the packs are shut up in their kennels, then life in the Shires is a very tame affair. What's to be done all day in a hired hunting-box? Practically nothing except bridge and grousing. Consequently it is much more amusing, and certainly better for the temper and the vocabulary, to hie Southwards until the powers that be think it safe for hunting to begin again.

There is a rumour that if the ban lasts the Prince of Wales may pay a flying visit to Cannes for some polo. This generation of the Royal family does not take the interest in going abroad which was one of the characteristics of its immediate predecessors. Never a year passed without Queen Victoria's sons and daughters paying visits abroad. King Edward, as we know, literally made Homburg and Marienbad by his visits both as Prince of Wales and King.

Of course, conditions now are so completely changed that Middle Europe is practically closed for Royal visitors even if *incognito*, but a visit of the Prince of Wales to the Riviera would be immensely popular on the Mediterranean littoral.

Photograph *Bassano*

A PRINCE OF DENMARK

Prince Erik, the third son of Prince Valdemar of Denmark, and a nephew of Queen Alexandra, who is engaged to Miss Lois Booth, the granddaughter of Mr. J. R. Booth, a wealthy Ottawa millowner. His brother, Prince Viggo, it will be remembered, recently became engaged to the daughter of a New York physician

Christmas Records

I DON'T know whether it still exists, but once upon a time a large notice above an eating-house of the humbler kind in the neighbourhood of the Charing Cross Road held out this allurement, "Home from home. Everything as nice as Mother makes it."

This Christmas, metaphorically, all the big hotels and restaurants held out the allurement that their festival fare was far better than any merely domestic cook could provide. And as they threw in dancing as well, it is not surprising that hundreds of the *lieges* preferred to eat their Christmas dinner amid scenes of music and gaiety instead in what used to be called "the sacred seclusion" of their own homes. There were likewise hundreds who cut the Gordian knot of Christmas housekeeping by shutting up their houses and hieing them to stay in hotels.

We seem to be making records in everything in these days, but according to all reports the hotels not only in London, but in all the pleasure resorts, have never been so crowded for Christmas and the New Year. If there are still any Scrooges left in the world they would have to seek their friends and relations nowadays amidst the "gay throng," in hotel or restaurant when the Christmas spirit fell

MARK OVER!

Sir John Ferguson, K.B.E., keeping his eye on the mark whilst shooting at Heatherden Hall, the Buckinghamshire seat of Colonel W. Grant Morden. Sir John is General Manager of Lloyds Bank

upon them and turned them to kindliness and repentance.

Another record was the huge crowds in the streets in the days preceding Christmas. It required the nerves of a stone pillar and the patience of archangels to go about one's daily business. A philosophic friend of mine, after fighting his way out of the tube station one afternoon, tried vainly for some time to make his way through the surging masses pouring into Oxford Street from Oxford Circus and Regent Street. As he was buffeted this way he remarked:

"They say there is a shortage of domestic servants! But *who* makes all these people's beds?"

Country House Parties

THE country-house parties for Christmas have sadly fallen off in numbers, especially in houses of the lesser kind, but the ancient and pleasant custom still prevails in many of the bigger houses. Thus, there have been parties at Wynyard Park, where Lord Castlereagh's coming-of-age was recently celebrated, and at Longleat, where Lord and Lady Bath had a family gathering. Lord and Lady Ancaster entertained at Grimsthorpe Castle, Lord and Lady Hambleden at Greenlands, Henley-on-Thames, Lord and Lady Swaythling at Townhill Park, near Southampton, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough at Blenheim. In Scotland the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch had a family party at Bowhill, and Lord and Lady Lovat entertained at Beaufort Castle.

Amongst those who preferred a Christmas in London were the Marquess and Marchioness of Lincolnshire and Lord and Lady Lovelace. The Marquess and Marchioness of Milford Haven came up from Southsea to stay with Lady Zia Wernher, Lady Milford Haven's sister, at The Someries, in Regent's Park, and Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten likewise spent Christmas in London.

But even for those who can still afford to fill their houses for Christmas the rush to winter sports in Switzerland very often makes difficulties. In some cases it carries off most of the eligible young men and the most pleasing young women in a hostess's address book.

I liked the notice in a morning paper announcing that such-and-such a dame would have a party for Christmas in such-and-such a house, and that "the arrangements for entertaining the villagers would be carried out as usual."

The Ultimate Honour

THERE is a persistent rumour that a dukedom will be conferred upon the Marquess Curzon of Kedleston. It may be possible, since Lord Curzon has no son and his marquisate dies with him. His barony of Ravensdale, however, has a special remainder to his eldest daughter, Lady Irene Curzon, and his viscounty of Scarsdale a special remainder to his father, Lord Scarsdale, and his heirs male. Lord Scarsdale died seven years ago, so the heir to barony and viscounty is now Lord Curzon's brother, the Hon. Francis Curzon.

Photograph *H. Walter Barnett*

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE

Who recently succeeded to the title on the death of his father, the nineteenth baron. Lord Willoughby de Broke is in the 17th Lancers and won the M.C. in the War

Consequently, if Lord Curzon were made a duke it would not mean the founding of another ducal family, the title would to all intents and purposes be a life-dukedom, since, following his patent as marquess, there would be no special remainder.

For a long time past it has been tacitly understood that the title of Duke will be reserved exclusively for the sons of the Sovereign. The last duke created was the Duke of Fife, the announcement being made on the day of his marriage to the Princess Royal. That was thirty-four years ago. In this case there was a special remainder to the eldest daughter, failing male issue.

Lord Curzon has devoted his life to the public service, and has served the State so brilliantly and well that there may be some foundation for the rumour of his receiving the only honour which remains to bestow upon him. He has had all the others in the peerage, in addition to inheriting his father's barony of Scarsdale.

The Dukedom of Argyll

SPEAKING of the creation of Dukes, to be strictly accurate one ought to say that the Dukedom of Argyll was the last to be created, but actually this was only the conversion of a Scottish Dukedom into a Dukedom of the United Kingdom. The Scottish Dukedom of Argyll was created in 1701. A hundred and ninety years later the eighth Duke was made a Duke of the United Kingdom, an unusual step, since Dukes of Scotland take precedence over Dukes of the United Kingdom.

The widow of this eighth Duke, the grandfather of the present Duke of Argyll, is still alive. She was Miss McNeill, of Colonsay. The Duke met her when she was in the *entourage* of Queen Victoria, and when he died five years after their marriage left her Macharioch, a beautiful house near Campbeltown, in Argyllshire, for her life. The climate of Machiaroch is so mild that its flowers and vegetation remind one of the most sheltered parts of Devonshire.

Photograph *Topical*

HOME AGAIN

Lady Curzon photographed on board the R.M.S.P. "Andes," on which she returned from abroad. Doubtless, when nearing home waters, a less summery dress became imperative

A Way Out

A good many startling suggestions have been made with regard to the action of a possible Labour Government concerning the appointments in the Royal Household which change with a change of Government.

One was that we should see the creation of Labour peers, although the two words together constitute a contradiction in terms. Another was that the custom of certain posts about the Sovereign being occupied by peers would be abolished. And beyond these suggestions there has been a great deal of other babble and twaddle.

The latest suggestion, however, has the merit of common-sense and indicates a way out of what might very easily become

Photograph *M. S. Madden*

REAL WINTER WEATHER

Lord and Lady Northesk enjoying the pleasures of a Swiss winter at St. Moritz, where they spent their honeymoon. Lion, their wolfhound, seems thoroughly in his element

an *impasse*. In the event of a Labour Government coming into power, the Labour Prime Minister—so the suggestion goes—would ask the King to retain or replace the present members of his household appointed according to Government as he may desire, with the stipulation that no such member of the Royal Household should take part in politics against the Labour Party.

If this arrangement took place it would probably end political appointments in the Royal Household, just as the famous uproar over Queen Victoria's ladies early in her reign ended the appointments of ladies to Court appointments according to the colour of their husbands' politics.

Naturally, if this rule comes into force any Conservative or Liberal peers who may be appointed to the Royal Household when future Conservative or Liberal Governments are in power would have to pledge themselves not to take political part against the other side. But perhaps the solution will lie in the abolishing of the

Photograph *Photopress*

A FAMILY AFFAIR

Sir Eric Geddes and his three sons face the camera in the grounds of Sir Eric's new home after a morning ride. Sir Eric, who, like the late George Washington, is often remembered for his exploits with an axe, has just bought Albourne Place, in Sussex

political significance of these posts altogether. "There's always a way out," as the old lady said when she began cutting a hole through a hedge of the Hampton Court Maze with a pair of scissors.

Lord Lambourne

Lord Lambourne, known for so many years in the House of Commons as Colonel Mark Lockwood, and famous for his buttonhole, worn at all times and seasons, has been ordered a sea-voyage. He left for Cape Town just before Christmas. Lord Lambourne is seventy-seven, but is still as keenly interested in affairs, and especially in gardening, as he was fifty years ago. He has never recovered from the shock of Lady Lambourne's

Photograph *Central News*

WHERE WINTER IS AT ITS BEST

Sir John Latta (right) with his daughter, Miss Mary Latta, and her fiancé, who are wintering at St. Moritz. Switzerland can always be relied upon to do the right thing in the way of winter weather, and a snow setting is the rule rather than the exception

Photograph THOSE "NOTABLE BRITISH TRIALS" *Alfieri*

Lieut.-Commander Egerton, Mr. Edmonston, and Lady Hermione Buller at the Horsham and District Gun-Dog League Trials which were held at Tilgate, near Crawley

death. It will be remembered that she slipped on a rug whilst dressing and, falling, broke her leg. There was every hope of recovery, but complications set in, and Lady Lambourne died, to the heavy loss of her neighbours in Essex, of which county Lord Lambourne is Lord-Lieutenant.

No Letters

I OFTEN wonder when I see notices in the papers of happy people departing to the Far East or on a voyage round the world, or to wreathe themselves with flowers in the lotus lands of the Pacific, or to some other far-away spot, how they manage when the words "Letters will not be forwarded" are added to the notice.

Does it mean that they cut themselves off from communications with their friends, or are letters opened by somebody at home to save the extra postage of forwarding? Of course, such happy travellers must be spared all the boredom of charitable appeals and, perhaps, of bills, too! But, still, I always think "Letters will not be forwarded" sounds very drastic. On the other hand, it suggests a bursting post-bag from which the traveller is glad to be relieved for a few months.

An Important Heir

AN heir has recently been born in India to the beautiful estate of Eserick Park, in Yorkshire, which was left by the third Lord Wenlock to his only child, the Hon. Irene Lawley, who married Mr. Colin Forbes Adam three years ago. Mr. Adam is secretary to the Governor of Bombay, and is the third son of Sir Frank Forbes Adam, who was formerly a great figure in the Bombay Presidency.

Mrs. Adam's father was at one time Governor of Madras and a Lord of the Bedchamber to the King—as Prince of Wales and Sovereign from the accession of King Edward — until his death in 1912. He married a sister of the Earl of Harewood. Mrs. Adam, therefore, is Lord Lascelles's cousin. One of her uncles is Sir Arthur Lawley, who did such signal service in the War, both at home and abroad, in his organising the work of the Red Cross and St. John's Ambulance. One of her aunts is the Hon. Alethea Wiel, who has written many delightful books on Venice, where she lived for many years. Another uncle is the present Lord Wenlock.

"Debrett"

WHAT should we do without our *Debrett*? It settles every doubt as to precedence, it explains every relationship amongst those who bear titles and honours, tells us who has married who. And, what is more, enables us to squash promptly pretensions amongst those who claim relationship with the truly great, relationships which are non-existent.

As I have pointed out to you before, if tradespeople and others who are imposed upon by people who give imaginary titles would turn to *Debrett* before they parted

Photograph THE NOT TOO TRIVIAL ROUND *Keystone*

Mr. Arthur Cullingworth (left) and Major T. Longhurst on the Cagnes Golf Course at Nice

Photograph MERELY A MATTER OF COURSING [*Alfieri*

Miss Blackburn, Miss Farquharson and Mr. Graham at the Clouds Coursing Club meet at East Knoyle, Wiltshire

Photograph *Alfieri*

WAITING FOR THE WORD

Major F. P. Landon (left) with "Chilbolton Dinah," Mr. R. Landon, Mrs. Oswald Ellis, and Mr. Oswald Ellis with "Nursecombe Prince" (proud, but not 'aughty, after winning the Beauty Prize) at the Horsham and District Spaniel Field Trials

Photograph *Alfieri*

MORE DOGGY DOINGS

Another snapshot, taken at the Horsham and District Gun-Dog League trials, of the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Wright

with goods or pence they would be saved loss and the police-courts a great deal of time. An imposter can be exposed in a few minutes by a reference to *Debrett*.

In the issue for 1924 (Dean and Son: 75*s*.) the explanation is given why Princess Mary's son only bears the style and rank of an earl's grandson. But your BYSTANDER told you all about that when the baby was born. The question was settled when the foreign titles in the Royal family were abolished. The preface to *Debrett* is always an epitome of the year's happenings in the world of honours. This year it seems to be fuller and even more complete than usual. One list is particularly interesting, that of the ancient baronies called out of abeyance in the last three and a quarter centuries, with the latest additions. These have increased considerably during the past few years, so one is grateful for the list; it prevents one falling into pits of mistakes. There are 3,300 pages in the new *Debrett*, a work of compilation that rouses one's admiration for the ceaseless pains and care with which it is carried out.

His Father's Mantelpiece

A YOUNG man at Oxford had just celebrated his twenty-first birthday. He was showing one of his presents, a pair of sleeve-links, to a friend, the son of one of the Super-Very Rich.

"What are these bits of green stone?" asked the scion of Great Wealth.

"That's malachite," explained the owner of the links, proudly.

"Malachite! We have a mantelpiece of that at home!" was the lofty answer.

Photograph *W. Dennis Moss*

MAKING THE MOST OF IT

Captain Stirling-Stuart and Mr. John Adamthwaite out with the V.W.H. (Cirencester) at a recent meet in Williamstrip Park

Photograph *Keystone*

THE RIVIERA SEASON "IN FULL SWING"

Col. Foley (left), Captain Clerk and Mr. Charles Healins pause between some full (and we hope, accurate) swings on the Cagnes Golf Course at Nice

Photograph *Central Press*

WATCHING THE TOURNAMENT AT MONTE

Admiral Sir John and Lady Parry with Miss Tyser, at the Beauscleil Courts during the Christmas Tournament. Sir John Parry lives in the charming villa "Palais de la Terrasse," at Monte Carlo

The Riviera Week by Week

CANNES had a somewhat disappointing fortnight, cold, dull days alternating with bright sunny ones, but things livened up in fine style before Christmas, which is a very different Christmas here from the traditional festival in the home country, but no less enjoyable. The Rue d'Antibes—the Bond Street of the South, as it has been not inaptly called—was crowded daily with shoppers, who seemed to be in high spirits because of the rapidly mounting rate of exchange, which tempted even the most economical to spend a little more than they originally intended to do.

THE Crown Prince and Princess of Siam, who are staying at the Hotel Bellevue; Miss Mary Garden, who had motored over from Monte Carlo with friends; Lord Wolverton, enjoying his usual winter holiday at the Grand Hotel; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jay Gould, superintending the alterations at their new Villa, including the name, which is being altered to the Villa Semiramis; the Dowager Countess of Rosslyn, who is staying with her sister, Mrs. Watson Taylor; and the Ranée of Pudukota, were among the many well-known faces encountered in the main street in one morning stroll, and more than half the motor cars which lined the curb or waited patiently around the side streets bore the familiar "G.B." on the number plate.

MR. FREDERICK DELIUS, the celebrated English composer, and his wife have just spent a week with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews at the Château of La Napoule, on their way to Rapallo, where they are wintering. Lady Wavertree is installed at her new home, the Villa Il Paradiso, ready for the tennis tournaments, which she follows so closely, and the Hon. F. M. B. Fisher, whose name is a household word in tennis circles, is a guest of hers.

MAJOR-GENERAL LORD CHEYLESMORE and Lady Cheylesmore have returned to their beautiful Villa St. Priest, and Captain the Hon. Francis Eaton, their son and heir, and his wife are with them for a few months. Captain Eaton, who served in the Grenadier Guards like his father, has a large ranch in Alberta, not far from that of the Prince of Wales, but as it is probably yards deep in snow just now he is not to be blamed for taking a holiday in a region where snow exists only as a decoration on the distant Alps.

WE have a new club in Cannes, and it is going to be highly popular from first indications. It occurred to Dr. Warden—who practises in the neighbourhood of the Bois de Boulogne during half the year and plays tennis in the South all the winter—that a luncheon club for English-speaking residents and visitors, on the lines of the American Club in Paris, might be a good idea. He made the suggestion to a group of friends, representative of the Anglo-American colony here, over lunch the other day, and they agreed that it was. His guests included Admiral Bax, Colonel St. John Killery, the Rev. E. Miller, Colonel R. M. Head, Major Cliffe-Vigors, Captain Travers, Dr. Ginner, Mr. de Musset Hall, Colonel Brierley, and Messrs. A. Lamplugh, A. Hunter, M. Burke, N. H. Richardson, G. S. Colville, Aeschlimann, Vredengergh, Taylor, Stourton Davidson, King, and Douglas Thorburn, and they will constitute the original members of the Cannes Luncheon Club.

THE first luncheon was held at the Cercle Nautique, by the courtesy of the Baron de Meyronnet de St. Marc, and it was evident that the opportunity thus afforded for meeting friends in a club atmosphere is going to be warmly welcomed.

Photograph *Central News*

PICTURES IN THE SAND

Mr. Norman Forbes Robertson and one of Sir Gerald du Maurier's daughters watching the tennis (more or less) at the Beausoleil Courts

Photograph *Central Press*

A WELL-KNOWN FIGURE

Mrs Satterthwaite, faithful as ever to the Riviera, photographed on the Beausoleil Courts where she took part in the first tournament of the season

ALL the hotels in Cannes excelled themselves in the arrangements they made for special gala dinners and dances for the Christmas holidays. At the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs the first gala supper of the season was held on Christmas Eve, and there were appropriate decorations, a Christmas tree, and exhibition dances by Margaret Roberts and Donald Sowyer. The opera season has made an excellent start, and the orchestra, which was very fine indeed last year, is now larger and even better than before. The programme of operas, musical comedies and plays is undoubtedly the best that has ever been produced in Cannes, and there are brilliant nights ahead.

THE recent arrivals in Cannes include the Earl of Enniskillen, who is staying at the Villa Rayrama with Mr. and Mrs. Reid-Walker; Mrs. Bullock Workman, the traveller, and Mr. Workman, who are at the Gallia Palace; Sir James Stevenson,

Photograph *L.N.A.*

ON THE COURTS AT CANNES

Mrs. Colebourne, Mlle. Mallet and Mr. Mitchelhill on the Carlton Club Courts

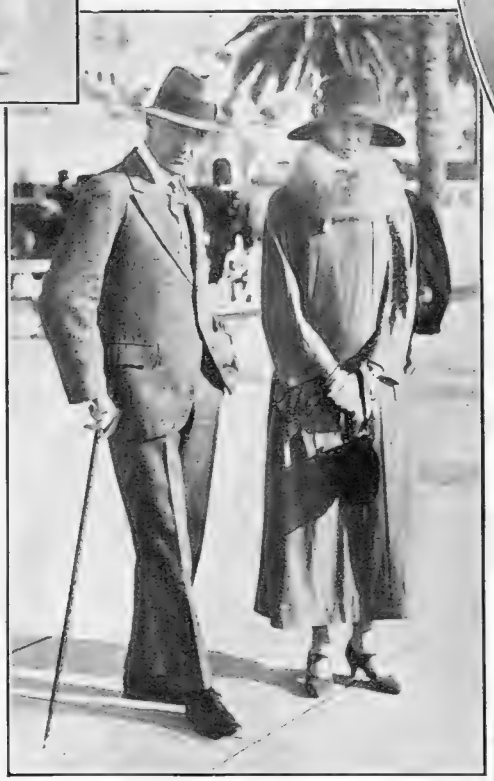
of "Johnny Walker" fame, but equally well-known for his many public services in connection with the Ministry of Munitions, the Air Council and other Government departments; Sir William and Lady Carruthers, who are at the Beau-Site; Lieut.-Colonel Sir H. L. Galway, a former Governor of South Australia, and Lady Galway, who was the

Photograph] **THE MORNING WALK** *[L.N.A.*

Captain and Mrs. Anthony Steane "follow the tramlines" at Cannes

widow of the late Baron Raphael d'Erlanger; and Captain and Mrs. G. K. Greig. There are countless American visitors here, including Mr. Myron T. Herrick, the United States Ambassador in Paris, with his son and daughter-in-law, and Mr. Brand Whitlock, former American Ambassador in Brussels, and Mrs. Whitlock.

THE first ball of the season at the American Club in Nice was a very gay affair. The Grand Duke Cyril of Russia came with the Princesses Marie and Kyra, and the attendance was thoroughly cosmopolitan. In addition to many English and American guests I noticed Admiral Petroff, Prince and Princess Scherbatoff, Princess Gagarine, Princess Orousoff, and many other prominent Russians, Marquis and Marquise Paulicci, Baron and Baroness de Reineux, Marquess de Savalles and his daughters, and the consuls representing Italy, Roumania, the U.S.A., Brazil, Sweden, Denmark and Greece.



Photograph *L.N.A.*

SOME SUNNY DAY

Captain and Mrs. Craig Fulton out for a stroll on the Croisette at Cannes

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT and Miss Vanderbilt are on their way over to spend the season on the Riviera, and among other wealthy Americans who are settling permanently in Nice is Mr. David Hamberger, the millionaire merchant from Los Angeles, who will find plenty of local atmosphere to amuse him—if he hasn't already had too much—for the cinema world is growing in size and importance in this very suitable region. Nice is following the example of Cannes and Menton in starting a Literary and Musical Society. Sir Henry Cunynghame delivered the first lecture, his subject being "Florentine Art in the Fourteenth Century," and other lecturers announced are Admiral Sir E. Pears, Count del Castillo, Commander Spicer-Simpson, Dr. Glazebrook and Canon Baskerville.

ARRIVALS at Hyères include Sir Clarence Smith, of the Stock Exchange, Judge and Mrs. Eardley Wilmot, Lady Parkinson, wife of Sir Thomas Parkinson, M.D., Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. A. C. Younger, Lady Scotter, widow of a former chairman of the L. and S.W. Railway, Lady Hadfield,

Photograph *Central Press*

MISS P. DU CROS

Snapped in action during the Monte Carlo Tournament. She was beaten by Miss Wright in the second round

Sir Carlyle MacMullen, Sir Mark Collet, and the Hon. Noel Farrar, who has just taken the Villa La Pinedo on a long lease. D. W. T.

To Our Readers Abroad

THE Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroad photographs showing copies of THE BYSTANDER in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.

Photograph *Central Press*

WELL AWAY FROM WYNDHAM'S

Sir Gerald du Maurier in the Beausoleil Tournament. He is staying "en famille" at the Metropole, Monte Carlo

A VERY GRIMM FAIRY TALE.

Heading by ALFRED LEETE

A LADY named Britannia fell sick; and when she felt her end was nigh she called her daughter, Socialista, to her. "Soccy," said she, "always be a good girl because the future lies with you." Soon afterwards she shut her eyes and died, and was buried in the garden. Soccy wept and, remembering her mother's injunction, became a conscientious objector, and went on strike in order to get more housekeeping money out of her father.

Now the father married another wife. This new wife had two daughters of her own that she brought home with her. Their names were Liberala and Conservativa, known for short as Libby and Connie. They conceived a dislike for Soccy at once. "What does the good-for-nothing want in the parlour?" said they; "they who would eat bread must first earn it." And they sent her to the kitchen and made her wear an old frock. She had to sleep in the fender and so was always covered with dust Marx.

Now it happened that the King of the land held a feast and, out of those who came to it, his son was to choose a bride for himself. The girl chosen would one day be queen over the country and Connie, Libby and Soccy all thought covetously of the position. But only Connie and Libby were asked to the feast. So they called Soccy up and said, "Now comb our hair, brush our shoes, and tie our sashes for us, for we are going to dance at the king's feast." Soccy did as she was told; but when all was done she could not help crying, for she thought to herself she would have liked to go to the dance, too, and at last she begged her stepmother very hard to let her go. "You, Soccy?" said she. "You have nothing to wear, no clothes at all. You cannot dance, and, if the King's son chose you, you are not fit to govern."

When the others had gone to the feast Soccy went out into the garden and sat down near some fuzzy worms. Above her was a hazel-tree, and presently she cried out:—

> Shake, shake, hazel-tree,
> Gold and silver over me!

Immediately a bird flew down to her side, and on being questioned explained that he was a sort of vulture called Arbeiter Internationale, Arb for short. He carried in his beak a gold and silver dress, captured, he said, by a certain famous General, called Election, and trimmed with three golden balls for Levy, and a lining of bank notes for Capital. Soccy instantly put the dress on, kissed Arb, who smelt strongly of lager beer, and ran off to the ball.

At the ball Soccy deceived everyone. Her rich dress dazzled all eyes, and the King's son danced with her and no one else, believing her to be all that she appeared to be. They danced till a late hour of the night, and the King's son offered to escort Soccy home. But Soccy, who did not want to be found out, managed to slip away from him, though in such a hurry that she dropped her left golden slipper on the stairs.

So the prince took the shoe, and said next day to the King, his father, "I will take as partner to rule with me over this country the lady that this golden slipper fits." Connie and Libby were delighted to hear this, as they suffered from cold feet, which will go into almost anything. Connie went in first to try the slipper on, but the shoe was too small for her. "Cut off one of your toes," advised her mother. Now Connie was fond of her toes, which each had a name. One was called Baldwin, one Chamberlain, and one Birkenhead. But determined to obtain power she cut one of them off, and forced her foot into the shoe. But the King's son was not deceived because the lady could only limp on one leg, and bade others try on the slipper.

Libby made the next attempt and could get all in but a heel. She loved both heels, one having the pet name of David and the other that of Henry Herbert. But her mother squeezed one of them till the blood came, and so forced on the shoe. For a little while the King's son was deceived by the trick, but Libby turned so pale over the pain to her pet heel that she gave herself away. The King's son then announced once more that the occupant of the golden slipper was yet to be found.

Here was Soccy's chance. She washed herself carefully of all her dust Marx, and tried on the golden slipper. It fitted, because it had been made for her by the vulture, Arbeiter. The King's son was therefore forced to marry her in the presence of an anxious and doubting multitude.

And when the King died Soccy became ruler over the country. She placed her small foot on the necks of Connie and Libby, and made them serve her as slaves. She took from the people all the money they made, over and above a pittance sufficient to feed them that they might work for her, and she made the German vulture, Arbeiter, her chief favourite. Arb insisted that all the people of the land should speak German, abolished the Navy and the Army, and put Continental murderers in the chief offices of state.

It is a pity to have to record all this of Queen Soccy, but the plain truth of the matter is that, however hard her life was in the beginning, her stepmother was right when she said that she was unfit to govern, and it is impossible for every fairy tale to have a happy ending.

Memories and Expectations—A New Year Fantasy

BY ELSA COURLANDER

Away with grief when eyes are bold,
Away with doubt that maketh cold,
Welcome the eye which slumbers not—
The ear by calumny forgot.—L. CHALMERS-HUNT

All Things Considered

By HARTLEY CARRICK

WHAT a mix-up in the Parliament Zoo!
None of 'em knowing what's what or who's who!
Tories and Radicals, Socialists, too,
Lord! what a higgledy-piggledy crew,
Making the deuce of a hullabaloo!
But the question for ME, *and the question for* YOU
Is, "What are the blighters intending to do?"

. . . . . .

QUITE apart from the Levy, all the other Parties know that the Socialists are in favour of making a Capital Blunder.

. . . . . .

BECAUSE of the curious bidding of the various leaders, Politics has been compared to Bridge. Certainly it would seem that Mr. Asquith has a card of re-entry.

. . . . . .

LORD HALDANE says, "Rightly speaking, I am a pro-German." H'm, as the old tag says, "Timeo Haldanaos et dona ferentes."

. . . . . .

OUR Communists have finally identified themselves with the Red Russian policy. The pity of it is that neither will wash.

. . . . . .

A DAIRY-FARMER has been heavily fined for adulterating his milk with water. It is locally believed that the milk must have got in by mistake.

. . . . . .

AN author writes: "Generally speaking, women are cleverer than men." We only admit the truth of his first two words.

. . . . . .

A BEGGAR, who posed as being blind, has been sentenced for fraud. He should learn to play Blind Man's Bluff more skilfully.

. . . . . .

"I THINK it must be his nerves," said the anxious mother to the doctor, "Johnny's too clever for his age."

"Well," remarked the doctor, diagnosing measles, "there are certainly a few bright spots about him."

A GERMAN lieutenant in Munich, having been assaulted by the Civil Guard, vigorously retaliated. Well, even a sub'll turn.

. . . . . .

WE should like to hear that motorists, who give no audible notice of their approach, have caught the toot and mouth complaint.

. . . . . .

AN essayist declares that the two most dissimilar things in the world are love and alcohol. Very true. Jane finds her lover in: Gin finds his liver out.

. . . . . .

Warm zephyrs are blowing,
And fanning my chest;
The sun is so glowing
I've left off my vest!
I stroll or go boating
In languorous peace;
It's true; I am quoting
My nephew at Nice!

. . . . . .

"Is this 'Because you love me?'" asked a young lady of a street hawker who was selling popular songs.

"No, lidy," replied the merchant, "Because Gawd made thee mine!"

. . . . . .

A NIGHT-WATCHMAN, on duty at a City warehouse, slept right through Christmas and Boxing Day. He seems to have missed his vacation.

. . . . . .

"A PARABLE," replied Joan, in answer to her governess, "is a heavenly story with no earthly meaning."

. . . . . .

AN American visitor declares that our system of collecting and delivering parcels is the foremost in the world. Quite so. You will always find Pickford in the van.

. . . . . .

"AT any rate," murmured the father, dismally rocking the cradle at 2 a.m., "a bachelor's cot free."

. . . . . .

DURING a speech at a recent banquet, a certain knight was explaining how *I* did this, and how *I* achieved that. Clearly a case of "The Knight has a thousand I's!"

. . . . . .

A PRE-HISTORIC lover and his lass were wandering down a leafy glade infested with the mammoths of the period. "A kiss, fair maid," implored her swain. "Fie, my lord," answered the damsel. "Suppose the Brontosaurus?"

. . . . . .

You may or you mayn't solve this paradox quaint:
If you can, tell me now on the spot
Why a maid cannot tell where her true lover is,
Though she may wear her true lover's knot!

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

THE RIGHT OF WAY—WITH THINGS THAT ARE LEFT

CONSTABLE: "Here, I say, you can't impede the traffic in this way"
LABOURER: "But we've got a pipe to lay!"
CONSTABLE: "Then you'll have to make another hole to put the dirt in"

"And a Little Child Shall Lead Them"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

FILMING THE CROCODILE IN ITS NATIVE SWAMPS

Ten Good Reasons for the

Photograph *Dorothy Wilding*

MISS CLARICE MAYNE

A popular Dick Whittington, who is appearing with Harry Weldon and Nellie Wallace in the Palladium pantomime

Photograph *Bassano*

THE WINDMILL MAN IN GOOD COMPANY

Mr. Bert Coote as the Mad Gardener and some of the company who are producing "The Windmill Man" at the Victoria Palace

Photograph *Vaughan and Freeman*

"ENTER NOW THE FAIRIE QUEEN!"

Miss May Carpenter, the pretty Fairy Queen in "Jack and the Beanstalk" at the Lyceum

Photograph *Mabel Robey*

LITTLE CINDERELLA

Miss Vera Wray, who is playing Cinderella in the Wylie-Tate production at Manchester this season

Photograph *Mabel Robey*

MISS EVE LYNN

Who is playing an important part in "Aladdin," this year's panto. at the Wood Green Empire

Popularity of Pantomime

Photograph *Claude Harris*

MISS JILL ESMOND MOORE

Who plays "Nibs," one of the Lost Boys, in "Peter Pan" at the Adelphi. She is a daughter of Miss Eva Moore

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS STEPHANIE STEPHENS

A charming young actress who is Principal Girl at the Wimbledon pantomime this year

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS JOAN SEYMOUR

A talented little dancer who plays "Fairy Dainty" in "Where The Rainbow Ends" at the Holborn Empire

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

ANOTHER FAVOURITE IN A FAVOURITE PART

Miss Ella Retford as Dick Whittington at the Theatre Royal, Leeds

Photograph *Vaughan and Freeman*

PRINCE CHARMING—WELL-NAMED

Miss Nellie Wigley, the Principal Boy in "Simple Simon" at the Princess Theatre, Glasgow

Washington Goes Wet—

Photograph *Central Press*

—For One Night Only

An artistic photographic study of the Capitol by night, when heavy rains converted the Washington roads into silver ribbons of running streams—a regular Quai D'Orsay in fact

PARIS NIGHT LIGHTS

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

No. I.—Ciro's

THERE are few moments in the lives of the pleasure-seeking community more mentally intoxicating than the moment when the Paris taxi leaves the Gare du Nord, with you inside it.

Up till then, throughout a stressful day, there have been worries and bothers. You have got into the wrong Pullman at Victoria, and wangle yourself hurriedly into the one which enables you to seize a coveted seat on the boat at Dover, by getting down there first before the other two boat trains arrive. An officious brute in the *Douane* at Calais has singled out *your* suit case for examination, and for a frantic moment or two you can't remember whether the 300 cigarettes are all in your overcoat pockets or not.

JULIEN

There is a possibility of not getting into the first *série* for lunch on the Paris train, and you are ravenous, and start bribing wholesale.

However, all this welter of overcrowded travel is behind you. The dour taxi-man has said "*Très bien*" to the name of your hotel, and plunges with grinding gears into the maelstrom of the traffic. You let down both windows and lean out, sniffing the beloved smell of Paris. What is it that envelops you always? The smell—m'ff—m'ff. Yes: the smell is of smouldering logs. This terribly alluring smell she always has; like unto no other city in the wide world. Added to which there are naughty little winking sky-signs everywhere beckoning, cajoling; all down the Rue Lafayette across by the *opera*—the very light over the hotel door winks a leering welcome.

Feverishly you change into a crisp evening shirt and make plans, while you wait answers to the three telephone calls you have put through to expectant pals anent dinner. One matures. In the hotel itself. An American lady is brewing gorgeous cocktails in her sitting-room below. You are to "come along right now"—they are all there, discussing the venue of dinner. Impossible to get a table at Ciro's *now*. Wait a moment; this is where *you* come in. Julien, the almost omnipotent, answers the telephone to your summons. "A-a-ah, *ç'est bien vous? Mais, nom de Dieu, je ferrai mon possible. . . .*"

Six of you eventually reach Ciro's about 9.30. Nobody dines before 9. The great restaurant is seething with humanity long since. A very aviary of chatter encircles you; and somewhere behind it all a band thrums and pulses mockingly.

You spread yourselves gaily upon the cerise sofas, against light green walls beneath a pale gold ceiling. And Maurice, the incomparable *maître d'hôtel*, arrives with a *menu* a little smaller than a sandwich-board, but not much. He also smiles a welcome. They all do. Even the man in the cocktail bar, who starts brewing six "orange blossoms" the moment he sees you coming in—horrible fellow! The wine-list? *Rather!* A magnum—and possibly another, later.

MAURICE

Everybody shouts incoherencies at each other; but in the turmoil one man keeps his head, and a dinner, such as princes in captivity are disturbed about in their snores, is *en train*.

Now detach yourself from the crackle of conversation about you and drink it all in. There is, of course, a Pompeian respectability over all. Here, ladies with elastic views on the precepts of their grandmothers do not dine alone. There must be a shield of the male sex. Here, also, you do not gaze upon a purely Parisian atmosphere. On the contrary, England and America is in force. The few French ladies of *le haut monde* one sees about the room are overwhelmed by the nasal tongue and the English

"Somewhere behind a band thrums and pulses mockingly"

drawl. Nevertheless, Paris supplies the tang to the taste of the whole business.

You may give a party in London, but it will not have the verve and "pep" that a party will here. This is largely accounted for by the tremendous ritual of the dinner that is laid before you. You have never eaten such food, if you haven't been here before. You never eat food in England, I care not where you go, that is served with such concentration and meticulous care as it is in Paris. No man, or woman, unless they have a raging toothache, can fail to shed the cloak of care from their backs in the half-conscious way that Jeanne Marnac, over here, has just shed hers.

Clement Hobson was a wise man when he turned some of the attention he devotes to breeding racehorses to the surely more lucrative trade of a *restaurateur*. This place is a gold mine, even with the franc at 80. It is idle to suppose that you can get in and out of Ciro's with the virtue of having economised written large in your self-satisfied mind. You won't. Ciro's management themselves would deplore the fact that they were in any sense cheap. But when you have reached the *café filtre* stage, and the dancing has begun, you do not mind the imminent approach of the discreetly folded bill. You care still less that it is snowing outside. Presently, when the floor has cleared itself a little, there will be a dance or two, possibly three, before the more serious business of the evening spreads itself before you—you who have been going to bed in London assiduously at eleven for quite a long time. There will be nothing of that sort happening over here. Not a hope of it. Nor an inclination, either.

Ciros has, as a golfer would say, "teed you up" by its night-light and gaiety to other night-lights and more gaiety. The captains and the kings begin to depart—whither? To a dozen different night-lights with a dozen different, but very provocative, atmospheres, and you begin to be sucked towards the main stream of night revelry from the comparatively quiet back water of your cerise corner seat.

The foundation-stone has been well and truly laid in this *doyen* of the Paris restaurants. An anticipatory and mellow light floods the horizon.

And the beautiful part of it all is that the night, as Paris knows it, is still very young, and holds infinite and delectable possibilities.

"Com aarn, now," an American friend is saying.

Well—as the great American nation predominates the mind in the Paris of to-night you suppose you must obey, and follow, faint but pursuing. . . .

NEXT WEEK!

II.—"THE JUMPING OFF PLACE."

192—Fore

A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

"VESTI LA GUIBBA"—

Hear how they shout to
Shouts of laughter to hi
Fear for the Future tha
Will it mean joy for th
Little White Columbine

LONDON

the pale New Year
le their fear—
' none can see ;
se and me ? . . . .
list how they cheer !—J. B. P.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Bouquet Exquis

BY MARCEL PONCIN

"VIOLETTE" DE NICE

STUDIES IN PINK

No. VI.

COL. McADAM.

By ARTHUR MILLS

(Author of "The Primrose Path.")

THE Colonel is a familiar figure down in the Worral country. You cannot mistake him. He wears an old-fashioned pink frock-coat, cut with a voluminous skirt, which comes well down over his knees and little squat legs.

He rides nice comfortable fat horses that know all the gaps as well as their master, and would not put a foot wrong for all the bran mashes in the world.

Colonel McAdam is a jolly looking little man—a bit "porty" about the eye with a stomach like a well-fed pup's. He lives in an ivy-covered house on the outskirts of Dutton. Every year the *Dutton Chronicle* has a reference to his long association with the local volunteers, and every year at the Volunteers' dinner the Colonel replies to the toast of fox-hunting. That he at one time held a commission in the Dutton volunteers is his only traceable link with military history; nevertheless, no one would ever dream of calling him anything except "Colonel."

His position as an authority on fox-hunting is also somewhat honorary, during the twenty years he has followed hounds, no one ever having known him go a yard, though the modern practice of tarring the roads into a smooth treacherous surface has driven him more on to the grass of late. You should just hear him on the subject of "Tarmac" roads.

Still, as a famous M.F.H. declared, "if a man who cannot ride close to hounds is to be ridiculed and scorned, a great number of honest souls would arbitrarily be deprived of an innocent and healthful amusement." Certainly no one in the Worral country has anything but the kindest thoughts for the Colonel. He is—so to speak—an institution.

The Colonel himself is delightfully unconscious that such matters as his pride of place in the field are even open to question. In the hunting field he is a voluble talker, and a stranger not familiar with his kind—for the Colonel is not peculiar to the Worral country—might be gulled into adopting him as a pilot—a course of conduct he would bitterly regret before the day was over. For the Colonel, delighted by the compliment, would keep up the pretence of knowing the best line to take as long as there was a second horseman left out to open a gate.

Now unto every man there comes one great day, and the Colonel's was this wise. It happened towards the middle of the season that troubles accumulated in his modest stable; Romeo got colic, Rufus developed a corn, and it was not Hector's turn. Loth to miss the meet at Little Badbury, which was rather a special occasion, Colonel McAdam decided to hire, and rang up Drabish, the horse dealer. Drabish took the order a little hurriedly, but, of course, knew the Colonel's requirements, and told his head man to pick out something that couldn't fall if it wanted to.

The Colonel found Drabish's boy with two horses at the meet—a great raking black horse and a grey. The boy prepared the black for him, saying the grey had been ordered for Captain Leighton, the noted thruster.

"H'm!" said the Colonel, not much caring for the way the black showed the whites of his eyes. "He doesn't pull, does he?"

The boy could only say that the black had been ordered for the Colonel. "The Guvnor 'e said whatever I did I wasn't to let you get on this 'un," he added tactlessly, indicating the grey.

"Huh!" grunted the Colonel, somewhat nettled, though he would not have ridden the sort of horse that scatter-brained fellow Leighton liked for worlds.

The first draw was an osier bed on the edge of Dutton Vale. The Vale was the biggest bit of country in the hunt, stretching for five or six miles to the west of Little Badbury.

"Hullo, the Colonel's got a bit of blood out to-day," said a man as the Colonel came bucketing along on the black, looking far from comfortable.

Next moment hounds found, and the Colonel joined in the stampede for a gate. Flanking the gate was a stiff fence with a post and rails on the take-off side. The Colonel had just glimpsed "Bones" Leighton crashing at this fence, which the rest of the field were leaving severely alone, when to his horror he found the black horse heading straight for the fence as well.

"Whoa, 'oss!" he yelled, sawing the black's mouth, "whoa, ye great, lumbering, murdering brute!" he screamed, as they got nearer the fence, and he saw the size of it.

But the black only shook his head, and took firmer hold. Next moment the Colonel found himself in the air, soaring up and up, followed by a long, agonising downward swoop. He recovered consciousness to find himself alone in the same field with hounds. By gad, those hounds were runniug—running like scalded cats—mute as night. Then some rails loomed ahead. Now never in his life did the Colonel jump rails until the top one was broken. These rails were as green as grass; there was not a soul near—even the huntsman and whipper-in had dropped back in the scurry.

"Whoa, 'oss!" the Colonel half sobbed, as he saw the black's intentions. But he might as well have tried to restrain a hippopotamus.

They had the rails and then three or four stake and bounds, which by this time seemed nothing, though in normal times if the Colonel jumped a stake and bound the world knew it that night.

On they went in the mad gallop—over four miles of the stiffest country a man could find. After a bit the huntsman and whipper-in got up and then "Bones" Leighton came along blasting the grey to cinders, and Drabish for sending him such a sleepy slug.

With his own eyes the Colonel saw the fox rolled over in the open, with his own trembling hand he took from the Master the brush. No one spoilt that epic, for no one knew. Only Drabish whispered in "Bones'" ear,

"For the laud's sake if that darned boy of mine ain't got the 'osses mixed up."

A change of horses was effected, and Drabish again whispered:

"Cap'n, just mind that black 'un don't slip 'is tongue over the bit *agin*."

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A PERIOD OF TRIAL

By "PENDARVES"

THE Rugger world, and especially the wretched Selection Committee, is going through a very trying period at the moment.

On Saturday next, at Twickenham, the final English Trial Game will be played, and, judging by the result of the Possibles *v.* Probables match on December 15, the last state of the harassed and vacillating Committee will be worse than their first.

It is rather amusing, for everyone except the Rugby Union and the players, to glance at the two sides chosen for this final opportunity of decision. "England" will parade ten Internationals and "The Rest" four. So that, on paper, there are only five places to fill, not fifteen. But that, of course, is where the catch is. The Selectors' lives are one long snag nowadays. Thank heaven I am not one of them.

You see *all* the other players bristle with talent. They are all worthy of a cap, or part of one. The burning question is, who to drop?

The Super-War Lords decide to *probably* drop So-and-So. Then So-and-So plays a brilliant game, and the Certainty they have made up their august minds about plays mediocre stuff—*et voilà tout!*

I wonder they have any hair left that is not torn out.

Let us glance back for a moment to the last Trial game. By the way, all the papers seemed very disappointed that there were only 3,000 people watching it, and some of them said that "on financial grounds" the Trial was a failure. But what does it matter that the general public did not turn up in great force at Coventry? And who cares tuppence that the gate receipts were poor? That is the last consideration; if of any consequence at all. The game was not staged for the public. A Trial never is, and one hopes fervently never may be.

The Full Back position. Sambrook, of Leicester, was as good as usual, but was repeatedly "brushed aside" by international forwards of the Wakefield, Price, Luddington type. Chantrill, of Bristol, lacks experience. They seem to be no further regarding this place on the field. And a really good man will be badly needed, especially against France.

The Three-Quarter line. They can't make up their minds about Hamilton-Wickes, Gibbs, Catcheside and Smallwood. Small wonder. Shall they put the 'Varsity man, Richardson, into the centre or not?

The Half Back Query. Some say Lawton as the *par excellence* stand-off half, and others Myers, of Yorkshire. Both highly experienced class players.

The Forwards. This is, apparently, not so difficult; as we have always had a proportion of last year's stalwarts in Wakers (Captain), Conway, Edwards, Luddington, Price and Voyce. There are only two places to fill, if the foregoing keep up to form. But there is Gardner, the Devonport last year's cap, dropped from the "England" side next Saturday. Also Blakiston and Cove-Smith, to whom the same remarks apply. And what about that indefatigable and sturdy fellow, Shacksnovis, of Oxford?

By Batchelor

CAPTAIN MAINBRACE STRIKES A SNAG ON THE ESCALATOR

It is all very difficult.

But THE BYSTANDER, with its usual cheek, is going to predict England's ultimate team, for the Wales *v.* England match anyhow, as follows:

Full Back: T. E. Holliday (Cumberland).

Three-quarter Backs: R. H. Hamilton, Wickes (Cambridge University), L. J. Corbett (Bristol), H. M. Locke (Cheshire), H. P. Jacob (Oxford University).

Half Backs: T. Lawton (Oxford University) and A. T. Young (Cambridge University).

Forwards: W. W. Wakefield (Leicester), G. S. Conway (Rugby), W. G. E. Luddington (Devonport Services), R. Edwards (Newport), A. Robson (Northumberland), A. T. Voyce (Gloucester), A. Shacksnovis (Oxford University), and R. Cove-Smith (Old Merchant Taylors).

We may be wrong, but we shall see.

You want weight, against Wales, forward. You also want, ever more so, pace. The above forwards supply both, and plenty of it.

At half you want brain work, speed (of course), and makers of openings. We can't do without Lawton, against Wales, in this writer's humble opinion.

At three-quarter you must have relentless tacklers before all else, to vanquish Wales on their own ground. I am shaky about my threes; but on the whole these are a brilliant quartette, who have all been shaken up by Welshmen at some time or other and know what to do and when to do it.

I take Holliday for the full back position at Swansea because, in my opinion, he is the *hardest* man we have got for this job. And it's a hard man you must have. He is not as hard as Male (of Cardiff), who I wish was playing for us—but he is hard enough; and he has a delightful pair of hands.

But go down to Twickenham on Saturday, and if you don't come away a bemused man as to selection, you are more clever than I am.

Moments Big As Years

BY STAN TERRY

HE *(facetiously, as the clock ushers in the New Year)*: "Just fancy—we've been dancing since last year"
SHE *(bored stiff)*: "Or was it the year before"

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

AT THE HAYMARKET

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

Produced Nov. 21, 1923

At the risk of being erroneously considered an ancient person, I will confess that I saw this play when it was first produced long years ago. The most vivid memory that I retain of that production was the collar worn by Mr. Allan Aynesworth on the occasion. As a young man, and therefore, naturally, a devotee at Fashion's shrine, it seemed to me that Mr. Aynesworth's new style of collar was an entirely deplorable affectation. As, however, the style in question has since been adopted as a standard pattern, so that I have on occasion worn it myself, I have generously reconsidered the hasty conclusion of extreme and omniscient youth. After all, it is a trite observation that the fashion must change. If it were not so, it must be obvious that we should still be tailored according to the mode that prevailed in the Garden of Eden.

The story is, of course, lightness itself. It is described as "a trivial comedy for serious people"; but the modern rendering would appear to aim at making it a farce for the frivolous. The charm of Oscar Wilde's plays is their complacent expression of obvious absurdity as a patent truth. I do not remember that Sir George Alexander and Mr. Aynesworth were at any great pains to give much characterisation to their parts. They spoke their lines with the simple earnestness of young men who believed what they said, and this method of treatment naturally heightened the delicious nonsense of the theme. To-day, however, Mr. John Deverell appears to make the part of Algernon Moncrieff designedly comic. And that is the last effect that Wilde would have desired since it gives to the actor the glamour which the author regarded as his own manifest right.

Once a lady asked Wilde's opinion as to how she should arrange the pictures destined for her salon. Wilde begged that she would not arrange them at all, but would let them "occur." I think Mr. Deverell would give a better interpretation of his part if he merely allowed himself to "occur." His difficulty is, of course, that he has a very marked individuality, so that, when he desires it, he can be comic even in repose. Such an attribute is, of course, a valuable asset in farce; but it is a little too emphatic for "trivial comedy." The measure of nonsense has already been filled by the author to the brim, and any excess supplied by the actors is merely a waste of good stuff. I do not know that I have any right to lecture a distinguished actor in this fashion, but I suppose if none of us exceeded his rights on occasion the world would cease to progress.

The title of the play is merely a gibe at a cherished convention. You discover at once that the quality of earnestness is not in question at all.

Mr. John Worthing, J.P., is in love with the Hon. Gwendoline Fairfax, and he ascertains that her favourable masculine Christian name is Ernest, while the name of John inspires her with revulsion. So John becomes Ernest accordingly. It is such a simple

concession to make to feminine prejudice. It is said that the ladies esteem us for what they think we are, rather than for that which we happen to be. Truth is traditionally out of place in affairs of the heart. As a matter of fact, Mr. Worthing actually claims to have a brother named Ernest. Every now and again he is called from his country home to rescue his mythical brother from an alleged scrape, the pretext being, of course, merely an excuse to inspect the wild life of London at close quarters. In London he calls himself Ernest Worthing, and has visiting cards printed accordingly. After all, I am told they don't ask you to produce your certificate of birth at Vine Street, especially if you are staying only for the night.

But Mr. Worthing has a friend, Algernon Moncrieff, who manages to secure one of "Ernest's" visiting-cards. Mr. Worthing is, among other things, the guardian of a delicately nurtured young lady named Cecily

Cardew. She has heard so many scandalous stories of the mythical "Ernest" that she naturally feels that he is the only man she can ever love. This sort of thing was a noticeable trait of the later Victorian era. Being now in reminiscent vein, I may instance the case of a distinguished gentleman who was unhappily co-respondent in a famous divorce suit that was discussed in the four corners of the earth. After the suit had been decided against him, he set out on a railway journey. His valet went on ahead, and duly secured a seat in the train at Victoria by the conventional method of placing his master's handbag on the cushions. It happened that the bag was stamped with the distinguished delinquent's name; and when he arrived to claim his place at the last moment, he found that every other seat in the carriage had been secured by a lady. I will say this for the later Victorian era, it was always thorough.

LOUISE HAMPTON
MISS PRISM

H. O. NICHOLSON
AS
REV.
CANON
CHASUBLE

ARMED with his visiting-card, Algernon Moncrieff proceeds to Mr. Worthing's country home in his friend's absence, and presents himself to the fair Cecily as the erring Ernest. His problem, and the problem of Worthing, is immediately to discover a method by which each may legally be entitled to call himself "Ernest." The suggestion is that both of them may enlist the services of a clergyman, and be christened in the name that their ladies' desire. We need not, of course, take such a proposal seriously, otherwise questions of good taste might arise. The idea is all of a piece with the inconsequential airiness of the story. Mr. Leslie Faber has perhaps hardly the lightness of touch necessary for the part of John Worthing. He cannot forget that he is a very forceful and capable actor; whereas the author designed his characters merely as puppets serving as docile mouthpieces for his golden words.

DORIS KENDAL
AS
GWENDOLINE
FAIRFAX

NANCY
ATKIN
AS
CECILY
CARDEW

MISS LOUISE HAMPTON has the part which is most suggestive of the old atmosphere. To begin with, her name in the play is Miss Prism, and she is a governess. One automatically shapes the lips to form the word "prunes," accordingly. Another very successful character is that of the Hon. Gwendoline, played with commendable restraint by Miss Doris Kendal. Miss Kendal, by the way, appears in the second act in a frock that is so sheath-like that you get the apprehension that in attempting to sit down she is merely inviting disaster. But, as has been remarked before, the worst never happens. Besides it is a matter of common observation that while gentle ladies frequently obtrude into our lives they never protrude from their own.

IT may be that Mr. Allan Aynesworth, who produces the revival, is satisfied that his modern methods are suited to the times. Certain it is that on the occasion of my visit a crowded house manifested every sign of huge enjoyment. Yet some of the wit of the play that was held to be quite daring in the early 'nineties, is now a commonplace among us, so far have we "advanced." I noticed a singular preponderance of young ladies in the pit, and I devoutly trust they were not disappointed. After all, even Oscar Wilde could hardly have anticipated the modern flapper; and it may be that where boldness is concerned, he is merely preaching to the converted. The play, which is preceded by a slight curtain raiser by Henry Arthur Jones called "The Goal," is given as a comedy of to-day with the fashions of the moment, and there are no unintentional anachronisms worth mentioning. Mr. Worthing, it is true, speaks of his "dogcart" (a vehicle which in most country houses to-day has been displaced by the car, Ford or otherwise), and at the same moment consults his wrist-watch. It may well be, however, that horse-lovers still prefer dog-carts to motor-cars, and resolutely decline to line up with modern "progress." In any case, I was glad to have seen the play once more. JINGLE

MARGARET
SCUDAMORE
AS
LADY
BRACKNELL

Resolutions—

BY LAURIE TAYLER

—Or the Hitch in the Halo

"COMMENTS ON CURRENT POLITICALS AND SO FORTHS"

AN ILLUSTRATED LETTER FROM OUR JAPANESE CORRESPONDENT

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

KINDLY to imprint if Hon. health permit, following moroses as I shall develop them and which I now make to painfully describe.

"Why for to morose," you seek, "are it that you have acquire stomachic or intellectual pains?" Indeedly yes, I repart, I suffer not either but the complete duet with great extremity. I enjoy considerable anguish of the head with concomitant enlargement of same, also I do not seek nutritious foods, but only soda liquids in big quaffs. How glad we should be that Xtmas returns only 1 once per annum every year!

But let us seek our philosophies and not make to weep respecting our wasted milk which we cannot retrieve. This are new year no. 1924, so I make goodish resolvings to turn my clean sheet as I shall swear. Henceforthly I shall (1) absolve from scotches and other stimulating toddies which cause embarrassment when making to insert key in correct aperture and produce inflatings of the head. (2) I declare to practice a chaste table appetite, because, when very carnal, it makes to provoke abundance-pains as I now suffer and other severe anguishes. (3) I shall seek to retire at the respectful hour, so I may rise with Hon. early bird to chase for esteemed worm. (4) I depose to be very studious to acquire virtuous knowledges so I should grow wealthy and good like Hon. Sir Henry Ford, Hon. Sir Ramsay Donald, M.P., and other great water geniuses. O yes, we have not very good healths to-day.

"But what of political situations," you menace? At time of this transcription, Hon Sir, my political interests are very non-feverish and unenthuse. My pains are so rude, I should not liquidate into griefs if the Hon. politicals had experience such unpleasant fortunes as falling into the sea bottom with no gallant persons to make rescue. This are very wicked thought, but what forly should I much care when I am eating asperin pills for the stomach spasm? You can not nourish enthusiastics and spasmodics concurrently unless a very holy person that lives on grass in a hair shirt. "O yes," you incline, "but supposingly Hon. British Majesty honours Sir Ramsay into the Primacy, what feelings should you nourish, Mr. Y. Hama?"

"I enjoy considerable anguish of the head"

At expense of unpardonable politelessness, Hon. Sir, I rejoin morosishly: If my undistinguished feelings should be as they remain under present date, I shall not nourish any at all whatsoeverly. If Hon. Sir Ramsay, Hon. Sir Baldwin and Hon. Sir Lord George should coagulate to make a collusion, I should not ejaculate "Banzai!" or exhale deepish groans. No, indeedly, for how should person afflict with dyspeptic wind agonies care a bachelor dam for Hon. politicals, I rebound? Perhapsly I shall turn very Botulistic and make to sing the Red Rag song to a police bob or other illegal sin contrary to Brtsh. law. But 1stly I shall eat 3 or 6 asperin pills and drink ½ or 1 pint seidlitz liquid. I do not anticipate to live very long, which are 1 happy thought.

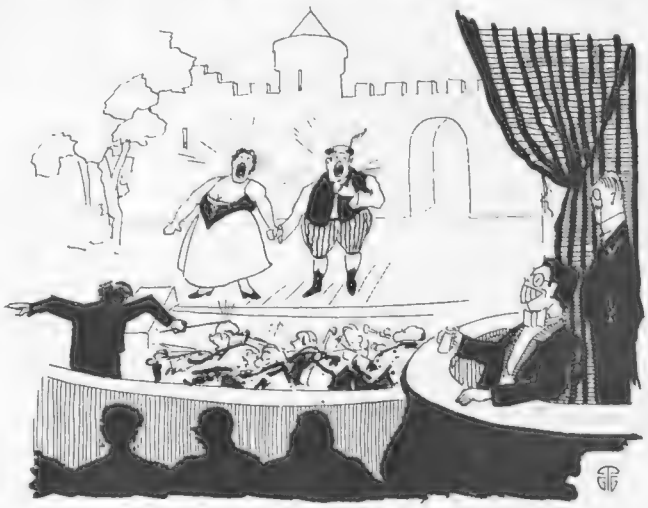
I do not much esteem Hon.

"Goodish resolvings to turn my clean sheet"

friends who seek to cheer up the afflictions. Last night I of these aforesaidly assines made visit to my lodge apartments to question my healths. I shot my boots to him but they scored a nil and I collapsed into severish groans. While thusly travailing, Hon. visitor made loud smiles and required I should elevate my peckers to buck up. "How can?" I gruntle woeishly. "If you come to the rolling skate house, I shall show you. If refuse, it shall make you appear very sportless person," he rejoint saddishly. I do not desire to be unsportish, so I made to accompany him. With considerable amaze I observed I or 200 persons velocitating on small wheels at much speeds and agility. "Politely to tell me where are the engines to make such rapid propulsions?" I requesh. Aforesaidly Hon. acquaintance made sounds like a goat in mirth and inform that they are non-engined persons. "You shall make try yourself," he return sniggishly.

"Very painful in unpolite latitudes"

The speed boots were made attached and I assayed to acquire swift propulsions. O yes, I made goodish propulsion, but in improper directions and with very indelicate combinations which cause me to bounce from the head and alight in non-perpendicular position very painful in impolite latitudes. "Japan shall not be beat!" I ejaculate in pants, "Banzai!" as militaryish person upraised me to full lengths. "You are I good sporter," enunciate Hon. friend. "O yes," I declam, "also I am I of the beans. Kindly to watch my revolutions." I make once more to gracefully velosh, but my equilibriums are snatch from under, my feet kick the winds and I achieve an encore with swift alacrity and percush. Also I observe 20 or 50 shooting comets and lightnings like the pyrotechnicals at Hon. Xtal Palace. No, I do not much incline to the roller sporting which shall cost me 2£ and 2 shillings for new magnifying spectacles.



'Lady and gent who sung how they were sad"

I read in news prints that London are to enjoy some winter operas at Hon. Covents garden. I have taste only I operatical display thusly so far by very inflated Hon. lady and gent who sung how they were sad and must die because they were not to be married very soon. Myself I greatly adore the musicals, very especially Hon. Sir Geo Robey who has so extremely lovely voice. Perhapsly he shall sing his delicious notes in the new opera performings with other celebrated bardsters.

All good sport persons will experience pleasure at news that Hon. Epinard, the French speed equine, are to meet Hon. Zev, the great American mud gee, in racing combat. Aforesaidly Hon. Zev. gave the count to Hon. Pap who collapsed in a bunker because he was uncapable to swim so fast. Perhapsly Hon. Ep shall trump Hon. Zev. which shall be very jonty news to Hon. punting persons who put all their bobs on Hon. Pap. Notwithstandingly, I anticipate I shall place my flannel vestment on the Attaboy horse because he are so amphibious he can achieve good speeds in liquid or solid.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that your healths are well preserved and no pains, I wish I shall soonly be so happy,

Yogo Hama

"I shall place my flannel vestment on the Attaboy horse"

Lords of the Ring at Olympia

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

The Christmas Circus which Mr. Bertram Mills is presenting at Olympia, is not only an excellent entertainment, but is a speaking tribute to the wonderful results which affection, understanding and tireless patience can produce between man and the lower animals. The whole entertainment is a perfect piece of collaboration

Winter Sports at Mürren

Photographs

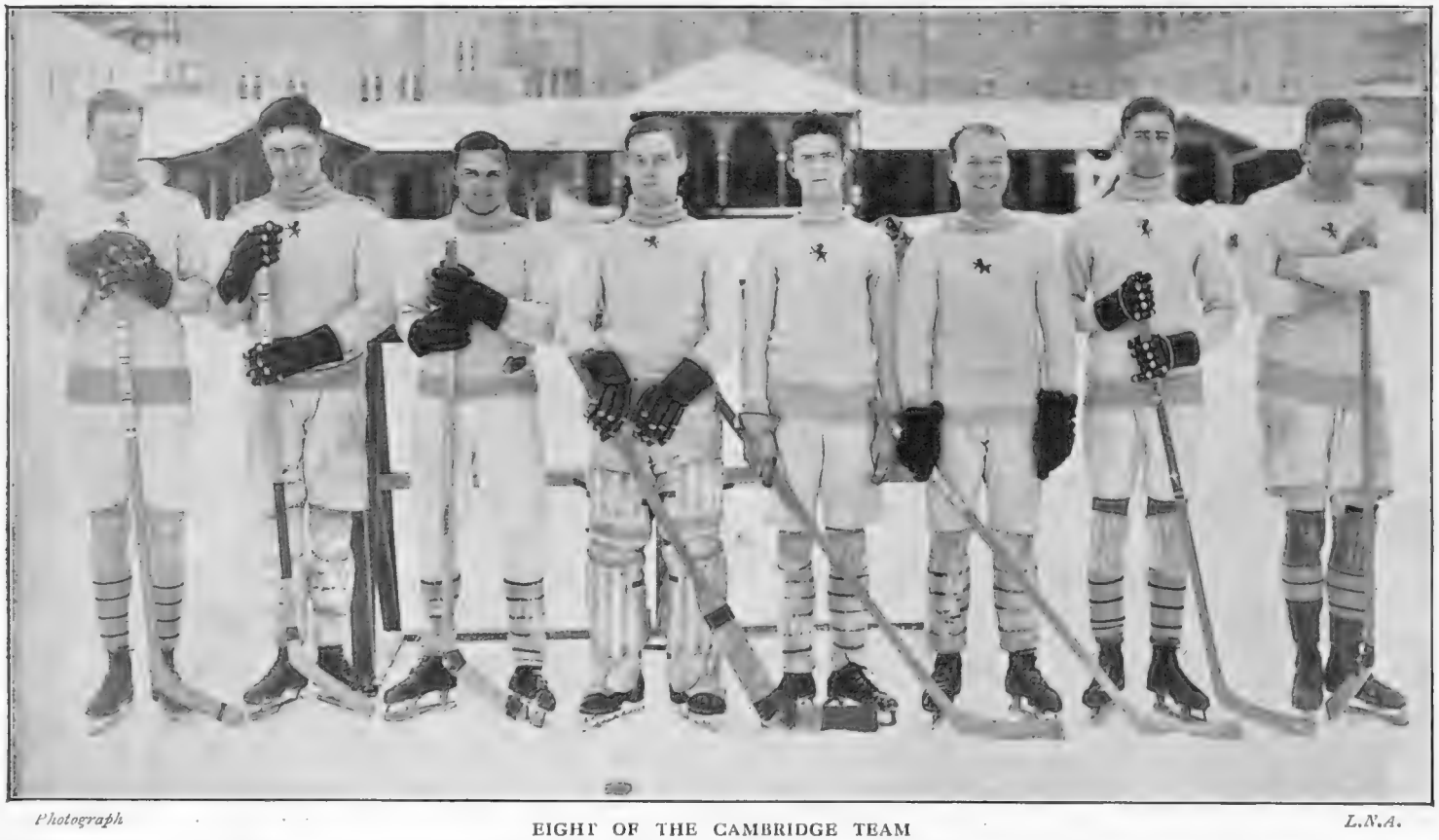
LIGHTING-UP TIME

Mrs. Lionel Bevan and Mrs. Arthur Guinness refresh themselves with the harmless necessary cigarette while ski-ing

Sport and General

DOING IT DECORATIVELY

Commander O. Locker-Lampson, M.P., and Mrs. Locker-Lampson "all dressed up and ready to go" for an enjoyable run on their luges



Photograph *L.N.A.*

EIGHT OF THE CAMBRIDGE TEAM

Who played in the Ice-Hockey match at Mürren last Thursday, between Oxford and Cambridge, which takes place annually at Christmas time. Left to right: R. D. Ross, J. F. Lehmann, W. S. Woodruffe, W. H. Anderson (Capt.), W. T. Adee, W. C. Miner, H. E. Wise and H. G. Joseph. Oxford won by 3 goals to nil

Photograph "OVER THERE" [*Sport and General*

Dr. and Mrs. Walpole locating their objective before starting out on a ski run

Photograph] A GENERAL VIEW OF MÜRREN [*L. N. A.*

One of the best places in Switzerland for winter sports of all kinds. This winter there is plenty of snow, and the ski-ers are here seen taking full advantage of it.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

A FAIR CHARIOTEER

Miss Ann Griggs, a charming American girl, "driving a pair" on two luges lashed together

Photograph *L. N. A.*

THE VICTORIOUS OXFORD TEAM AND TWO OTHERS

Photographed in the course of practice for the Varsity Ice-Hockey Match. Left to right (standing): W. H. Brown, J. W. Sears, H. P. Binet, J. A. Dunlop, C. B. Gull (Hon. Treasurer), A. D. Heiney, C. J. F. Parsons, D. M. Johnson, K. Gordon (reserve). (Seated): R. H. G. Bonnycastle, E. B. Pitblado (Capt.)

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

Photograph *Alfieri*

IN WILTSHIRE LANES

Miss Cicely Troyte-Bullock and Mrs. Troyte-Bullock waiting for their mounts at a recent meet of the South and West Wilts Foxhounds at Motcombe village. Until recently Miss Troyte-Bullock hunted her own pack of beagles

In the Old Days

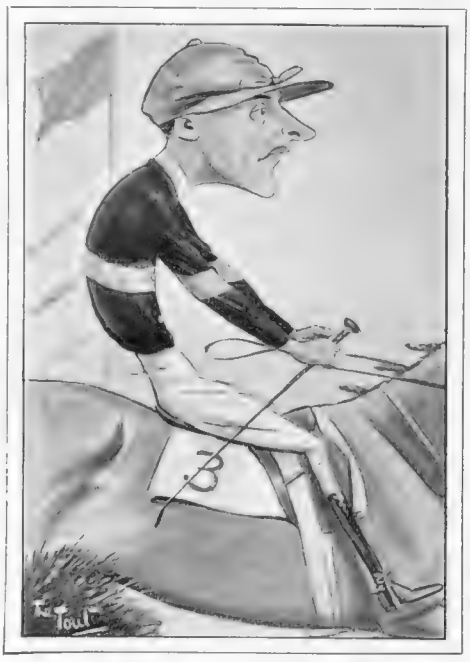
THE new editions of famous hunting books which Messrs. Edward Arnold and Co. have published in recent years have earned for that firm the gratitude of followers of hounds. The latest issue is *The Analysis of the Hunting Field*, written by R. S. Surtees nearly eighty years ago. It is delightful to read of hunting characters as they existed in those days. Most of them are prototypes of people we know now, and though customs have changed, it is clear that many of the questions which excite interest in the sporting world to-day were being animatedly discussed at the time *Handley Cross* was written. For example, we learn in Surtees's *Analysis*, of the doubts which existed as to whether a Master should hunt his own hounds. Surtees thought it would be a miracle to see a Master successfully hunting a subscription pack. He would find many now achieving that task with credit to themselves and their respective Hunts. To the modern idea, several of the characters in the *Analysis* seem to be absurdly overdrawn, but in any case, we read of their doings and sayings with genuine interest.

Closed Down

IT was a dull Christmas in many fox-hunting countries owing to the drastic order of the Ministry of Agriculture, which put a rigorous stop to sport in all areas where cattle disease had made its unwelcome appearance. I doubt whether such a mandate would have been issued if the authorities at Whitehall had not received a strong letter from the President of the National Farmers' Union requesting the closing-down of hunting in all regions affected by the foot-and-mouth trouble. Since the request came from the farmers, hunting people have nothing more to say. The peremptory stoppage of sport has to be accepted in the real sporting spirit, and all that remains is to hope that the embargo will soon be lifted. One feels particularly sorry for the youngsters home from school who have been deprived of the scampers with hounds to which they had looked forward so keenly. It's rotten luck for those whose homes are in the infected areas, especially as when the holidays are over those who live in unrestricted districts are sure to have much to say of their days in the field.

Migrating

PEOPLE to be envied by those less fortunately situated are the folk who have been able temporarily to migrate from a proscribed area to one which has not been touched by the prevailing regulations. The Prince of Wales has sent his horses from Melton Mowbray into the Vale of Aylesbury. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster have also gone from Melton to Leighton Buzzard, and others have followed their example. The result is that packs like the Whaddon Chase and the Bicester are finding themselves wonderfully popular just now. The spread of cattle disease has taken the heart of the season out of Leicestershire, and for the most part horses and hounds are eating their heads off in comparative idleness. Excepting in a few places in Kent and Gloucester, most of the hunting countries to the south of the Midlands have luckily escaped the cattle trouble; but every M.F.H. is "touching wood." Nobody knows whose turn it will be next.



BY "THE TOUT"

FRANK MORGAN

One of the famous Irish brothers whose name is a household one in Cross Country Sport. Everyone knows Frank, who could surely find his way home blindfold over any course under National Hunt Rules

Photograph *Central Press*

WELCOME GUESTS

Master Seymour Strange and Miss Virginia Shadbolt receiving a canine deputation of welcome on their arrival at a meet of the Guildford and Shere Beagles on the Hog's Back

At Cannes

IF these restrictions on hunting are indefinitely prolonged I imagine that many foxhunters in Warwickshire and elsewhere will slip away for a few weeks to Cannes if they happen to be polo-players. I had a cheery note from Captain Harry Holmes at the Cercle Nautique last week, in which he predicts a bumper season for Polo de la Côte d'Azur. Besides the thirty ponies which Mr. "Billy" Balding is taking to Cannes, strong studs are being sent by Lord Cholmondeley, the Hon. Kenneth Mackay, Captain E. A. Philippi and Major Hurndall, Mr. Pena, Mr. Pickersgill, Mr. Grisar and others. It is clear that the polo at Mandelieu will be well worth seeing this season. A.W.C.

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

The National Stud

NOBODY seems to know quite what is going to be the future of the National Stud. Irish officials, keen upon taking over the enterprise, state that "negotiations" are in progress with the British Government, but at Whitehall they deny the soft impeachment. One thing is certain: racing people will greatly regret the passing of the stud from the control of our own Ministry of Agriculture, and strong protests against any transfer of this sort are filling the sporting Press. It would certainly appear very ungracious of this country, having accepted Lord Wavertree's generous gift, and having used it to real advantage so far, to allow these valuable thoroughbreds to pass into other hands. Apart from that question of sentiment, which admittedly should not be overlooked, I have yet to observe any practical argument why the Free State should not be given control of the stud.

Photograph *Alfieri*

WHERE HUNTING CONTINUES

Mr. Reynard (left), Major Stuart-French, and Mrs. Heseltine on the way to a meet of the South and West Wilts. Luckier than many districts where foot-and-mouth disease stopped hunting, Wiltshire was spared the necessity of the penalties imposed by the scourge

Steve in India

MR. GALSTAUN'S experiment in engaging Steve Donoghue to ride for him in the big races in India has not worked out successfully so far as the King-Emperor's Cup and the Viceroy's Cup are concerned. Steve was unable to land either prize, a notable double being secured by Orange William. Racegoers will have no difficulty in recalling Orange William. Without being quite in the front rank, he was a very useful performer who rendered excellent service for Rintoul's stable. Nobody imagined, however, that he would have such a distinguished career when Mrs. Dickson sold him to go to India for something like £1200.

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF HUNTING

Some followers of the Old Surrey and Burstow Foxhounds who found time for a little cheerful humour before starting on the serious work of the day. The photograph, which was taken at the meet held at Felbridge, East Grinstead, includes Mr. W. E. Ashby (left), Miss A. Branat and Mr. Bevin

Will Zev Come Here?

IT is now known that Zev is to be entered for the Ascot Gold Cup by Mr. Harry Sinclair, and it would be one of the greatest attractions ever seen at the Royal meeting if he were to oppose Papyrus and others for that coveted trophy. Both colts fit and well, I should expect Papyrus to take ample revenge for his lamentable failure in America. But it is one thing to enter a colt for a race and another to send him across the Atlantic to fulfil the engagement. I take leave to doubt whether we shall ever see Zev in this country. Apparently, M. Pierre Wertheimer has made up his mind to send Epinard to race in the States in the early autumn, and Zev will assuredly be one of his opponents.

This Week's Sport

NATIONAL Hunt racing continues to enjoy good luck in the matter of weather, and up to the time of writing only two days have been lost since the opening of the winter season, which is not at all bad for this vexatious climate. Some important stakes are to be contested at the New Year meeting at Manchester this week. The Victory Hurdle Race on Wednesday may be won by **Jacksdale**. At Hurst Park later in the week the New Year Hurdle Race may fall to **Zarane**, who is in great form just now, while **Maxtoi** is my selection for the Mitre Steeplechase.

Photograph *Central News*

A SCOTTISH OCCASION

The Countess of Haddington (left) with her sister, Miss Cook, at a recent meet of the Duke of Buccleuch's hounds

Christmastide in the World *of* Sport

D. COX

The Oxford University Golfer, who won the bogey competition at the Royal St. David's Golf Club's Christmas Open Meeting at Harlech. He finished up all square with "the Colonel" to whom the next two, E. Jones (Festiniog) and Colonel Lloyd (Royal St. David's) were both two down

M. C. BIRD

The Old Harrovian cricketer, famous for his two centuries for Harrow against Eton in 1907, who finished first in the Burhill Golf Club's Red Cross Society Competition. He has recently been appointed cricket instructor at Kennington Oval, where he has done great work with the bat for Surrey

J. C. S. RENDALL

Winner for the third year in succession of the lawn tennis professional championship at Mentone, with which the ball is set flying at Christmastime on the Riviera. Before the war, in the course of which he reached the rank of Major, he was an amateur player of some renown

Photographs *Sport and General*

BOXING DAY AT BLACKHEATH

Where the Rugby football team of the Racing Club de France were received with open arms (which closed tightly around them whenever the occasion demanded) and beaten—not so heavily as the score, 21 points to 3, indicates—by one of the strongest sides that have represented the famous Blackheath Club this season. Our photo shows a break-away by the Frenchmen, one of many of which only one materialised.

—And a Happy New Year

By Blanchette. *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"Here's luck for 1924"

LONDON, *December* 31

DEAR COUSIN—

REALLY rather solemn moment it is, or ought to be, I s'pose, this one. Very last day as ever is of a whole dying year as ever was. Occasion for deep and serious meditation on days gone by and the New Year that's to come, and all that sort of thing. . . .

卐

BUT, after all, come to think of it, as the two discouraged skunks in the story so mournfully remarked to each other when the 100 s.p. or smell-power Rolls-Ford had just gone by—what's the use? Past's over and done for and can't be changed—

The Moving Finger writes: and having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

卐

ALSO in regard to the future. No sort of wit or piety's going to help you frightf'ly much in that direcsh., either, methinks. As old Omar remarks once more—who's so fearf'ly and fascinatingly quotable at all such junctures or turning-points like this—

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
To-day of past Regrets and future Fears—
To-morrow? Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Seven Thousand Years.

卐

AND likewise, to quote yet another later passage from the same immortal work by the alleged Persian poet, who's so *démodé* now ('cept for a recent show at the Court) that he seems pos'tively almost quite new. . . .

Ah, fill the Cup—what boots it to repeat.
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet
Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday—
Why fret about them if To-day be sweet?

卐

SIMPLY appalling lot about cups and things there does appear to be, by the way, in the poems of that so lovable poet, Omar Khayyam, doesn't there, tho' he's certn'ly and undoubtedly O.K. all the time? Custom of the period, I s'pose, and, anyway, *rather* seasonable and 'propriate to the time of year we've just been struggling our way through—festal, I mean, and carnival and all that, as they say.

卐

NOT a bad sort of philos., you know, old Om. wasn't, though he *does* seem rather to have been pushed out of the way these post-war days, 'cos of the sweeping invasion of the Sitwells and the all-enveloping influence of the Iris Trees and the quite too completely up-to-date incursions of the Blundens and Bottomleys and Huxleys and Owens and lots more of an even more modern crowd of the last few months or minutes.

卐

AND, oh! what a time for poetry, now if ever there was one—this New Year one. Partly 'cos of the wonderful things that seem to happen sometimes, these winter nights. All the world wrapped, f'rinstance, in a rich thick wintry pall of white snow. Everywhere silence, 'cept where just now and then through the hushed and muffled air there rings out a laugh, the gliding rattle of a toboggan, soft flops of frivolous snowballs against a wall. An exquisite moon riding through calm, serene heavens, and everywhere peace, white, infinite peace. . . .

"Consult our barom."

卐

THEY don't happen for long, p'raps, 'cos ours is a mutable climate, isn't it?—wherein reposes, for 'tany rate some of us, its chief charm. Dull, I mean, it must be, some ways, to know always, as I b'lieve you do in some of those Arctic or tropical places, that you're going for quite certain sure to have three months of scorching heat with three months of pouring rain to follow. . . . Or a real undeniable and inevitable winter without any sort of speculation about it—the kind you simply can't wear *clothes* in. Merely wrappings, about six layers of 'em, and then you can't be *quite* certain of not being frostbitten or something, unless you rub yourself all over with train-oil or whale's-blubber, or words to that effect. . . .

卐

NOT altogether unfortunate, p'raps, that *we* happen to live in what it cert'nly does seem sometimes rather *pour rire* to call a temperate and average kind of climate. Doesn't it seem odd, 'sidering the shocks we have most days when we go to consult our barom. and thermom., *and* look out of the window at all the funny things our so-called weather's doing?

卐

BUT talking about the New Year, 'tany rate one custom of the period I do insist always on carrying out, whatever the modernists and iconoclasts and people may say, hint or imagine—and that's making my usual little crop or harvest of what they call New Year Resolutions. Always fail to materialise, most of 'em—but that's, after all, one of their attractions. The things that really happen are so very much less fascinating and intriguing than the ones that don't, *n'est-ce-pas?*

"—AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR" (concluded)

AM not going to tell you all my resolutions, of course—'cos that'd spoil it all, like disclosing what you wished for when you get the big half of the wish-bone out of the Christmas turkey or other bird of the season. But don't mind revealing that one of them, anyway, had got something to do with a new hat—oh! dear, am afraid I must have been mixing up the resolutions and the wishes. Let's have wishes instead—it's so much nicer and easier.

NEW YEAR wishes . . . sounds, somehow, much better than the other thing, and I'm perfectly convinced also is. 'Cos for one thing resolution is a purely personal and selfish thing, whereas you can have all sorts of wishes for all sorts of people 'sides yourself, and there's also quite a lot more hope of their sometime, somewhere, somehow coming true.

I WISH—oh! well, hardly anything for myself. . . . Just that new hat (or two) and frock (or three) and heaps of nice parties, and that the fashions won't change too quickly before I've worn more or less out my latest Lanvin frock and Maria Guy hat. . . . And that I shall go to the Co-Optimists at least three times in the next three weeks, and have lots of evenings at the opera that's starting at Covent Garden (*grace à Dieu*) next month. And see, p'raps, somewhere, in the days just immediately ahead, two more shows as good, in their own little way, as what I lately rejoiced my eyes and ears on—being, by the way, just about the greatest possible contrast that could be conceived . . . *Bethlehem* at the Regent and *Madame Pompadour* at Daly's.

TWO—b'lieve me, dear cousin—of quite the most d'lightful affairs I've ever beheld in the whole of my most extensive mortal span (don't forget, please, that you've promised me one of those nice new handkerchief-bracelets for my twenty-firster—what?). Was simply, I don't mind telling you, utterly overwhelmed by *Bethlehem*, just as I was by *The Immortal Hour*. Took me sort of unawares like, by the well-nigh absurd simpleness of its appeal. Just little picture-scenes of the Virgin Mary—Gwen ffrangçon-Davies in intense blue and red, like that Madonna in the National Gallery—and Joseph, and all sorts of angels and people who sing lovely hymns . . . only they sound all so different from the stage.

AND tears weakly trickled, I 'fess it with shame, from my (I'd always suspected it) sentimental eyes. And then, very next night as ever was (by way of contrast), visited that very newest of Daly's successes ('cos they all always do seem to hit the mark there, don't they?) that they call *Madame Pompadour*.

"Wish for a frock"

WAS rather comforted, I confess, by the sort of unction it laid to my soul (see classics) after the almost serious emotional disturbance of the previous night. Lots of lovely things in it, of course, need I say? Not least of them being, of course, Evelyn Laye, as altogether charming, though shockingly immoral, heroine who is the *chère amie* of Louis Quinze (otherwise Bertram Wallis). And does all sorts of 'tirely abandoned things with the complete popular approval. As, f'rinstance, when she's carrying on

"Merely wrappings"

terribly with Derek Oldham, or singing naughtily and seductively to Huntley Wright—

Jo-Jo-Jo-Jo-Jo-Joseph.
You strong and silent man!

HOW contrast does make you feel things—as I realised, too, the other day, stepping for a little while out of our ordinary everyday world into that wonderful place, St. Dunstan's, where all the poor men blinded in the war live and learn trades and . . . yes, even play lots of games. It's so marvellous how well they do everything—and how brave and cheerful they all are, too. And that's one of the very first of *my* New Year wishes . . . success and all such happiness as can come to those gallant men who suffered so terribly for us.

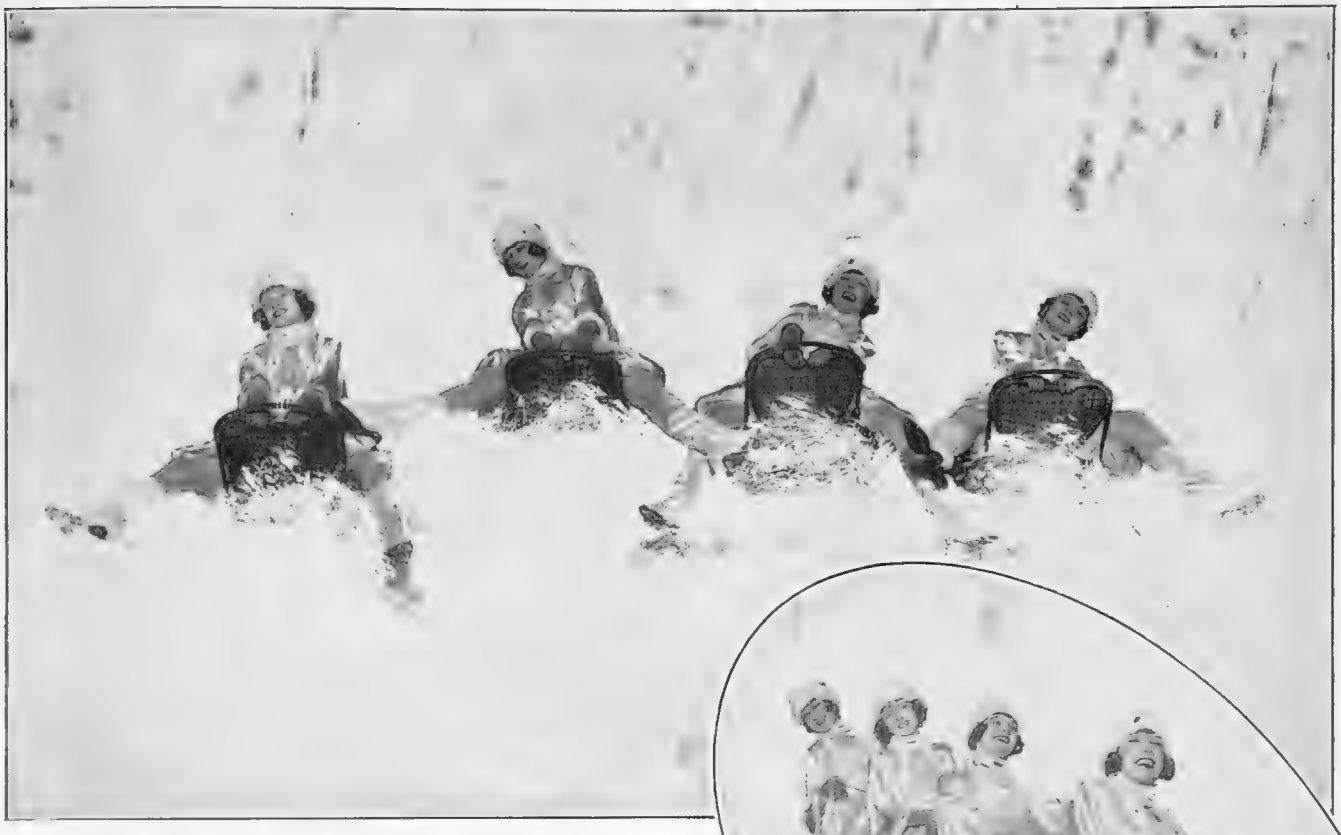
YES, I shall certainly have wishes 'stead of resolutions this time. And here they all are in one—Best of luck and a Happy New Year to you and all of us, one with no wars *or* elections in it. With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

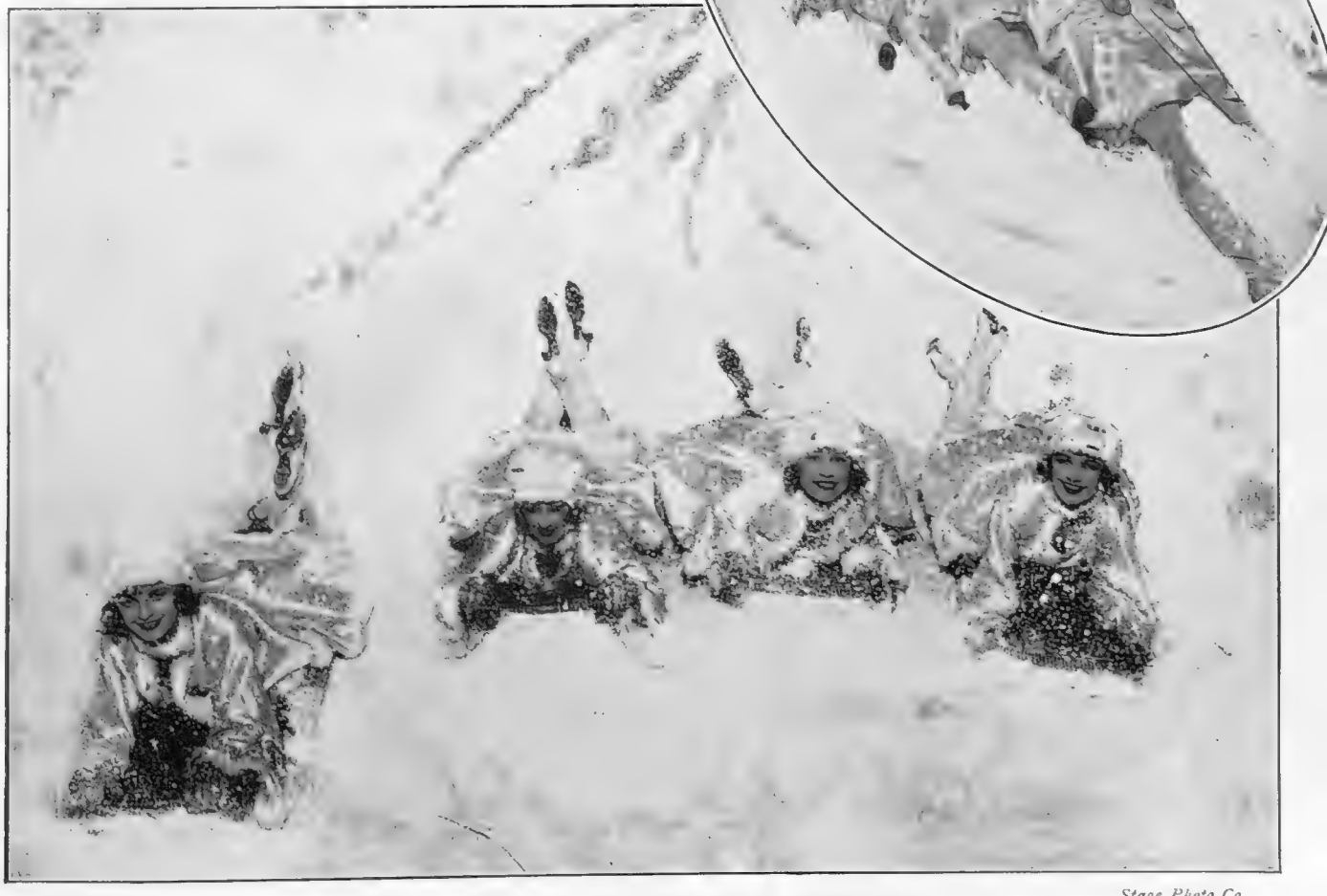
Our Most Popular Actor Election

is over. The final polling day in connection with our Stage Favourites' Election—the great £500 competition to discover Who is Our Most Popular Actor—was the last day of the old year, for competitors at home. Readers in the Colonies and elsewhere abroad have time up to January 10th for submitting selections of their most popular actors. Soon, as was the method pursued in the decision of the Most Popular Actress Election, the staff will be recording on special charts every vote cast for a "candidate." This new competition has been a great success and interest in it has been world-wide, but because we have been so overwhelmed with thousands of almost last-hour votes two or three weeks are likely to elapse before we can hope to announce the result.

"'Sno Use"—at the Hotel Metropole

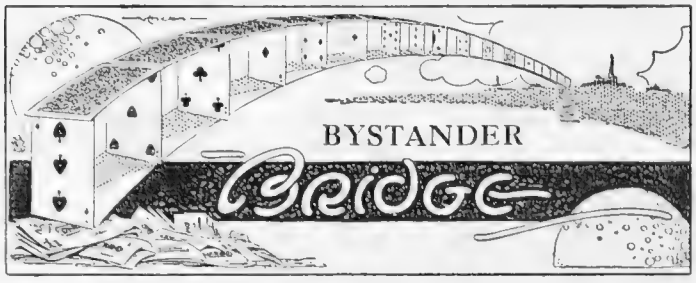


FOUR OF A VERY NICE KIND



Photographs WINTER-TIME IN THE METROPOLE OBERLAND *Stage Photo Co.*

We can't all go to Switzerland, alas! But we can go to the Hotel Metropole Midnight Follies, where these "snow" scenes were taken by an ingenious camera-man with the aid of tablecloths, collapsible chairs and a bevy of charming snow maidens. The ladies who figure in this winter scene are the Misses Seymour, Duncan, Rean and Nicholl. The snowfall is probably the only one in London that isn't "slushy"



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

She was pretty but a very bad player, and her partner was getting gloomy. When he cut her for the fifth time running, she remarked, cheerfully:

"Partner, we seem to be married to-night?"

"Yes," he sighed, "for better, for worse."

. . . . .

At this time of year some of us make, or are supposed to make, good resolutions which we seldom or never keep. Here are a few suggestions for the Bridge player:

I will not over-call.

I will not play for too high stakes.

I will have consideration for my partner.

I will not hold post-mortems.

I will not grouse if I lose or chortle if I win.

I will exhibit the same sporting spirit at Bridge as I do at other games.

I will not start that "last rubber" which always makes me late for dinner and gets me into trouble with my wife.

. . . . . .

Every Bridge player should keep accounts. It is really no trouble if you use a win and lose card and jot down the result every day in your diary or note book. It is both interesting and instructive. The record is a sort of Bridge barometer which will guide you in your game.

If you do not keep accounts you will never know how you are going. My plan is to add up at the end of each month and take stock. Fortune tellers and palmists will tell you that you have certain lucky and unlucky months. I should not like to pin my faith to the assertion nor should I dream of foregoing Bridge in an unlucky month.

. . . . . .

But in honesty I must admit that my records seem to bear out the prognostications of the prophets. Looking back on the accounts of several years I find this extraordinary fact that I have been signally unlucky in certain months of each year. It may be coincidence or it may not. I do not attempt to explain it, and the superstitious are entitled to make what capital they like out of it.

Problem No. X

Last week I gave my solution of the problem, but owing to press arrangements, was not able to name the prize-winners. The solutions sent in are of particular interest because nearly all my readers miss the point of the second problem. The hand was: Score, Game all. B deals and calls "One Spade." Z holds: S—None. H—A, K, Q, 10, 6. D—None. C—A, K, Q, J, 8, 6, 5, 2. What should Z say?

. . . . . .

The majority of competitors suggest a call of from three to six Clubs. But in my opinion this is not a hand to pre-empt on as the holder is strong enough to go up gradually, even to six clubs. The only type of hand on which I recommend a pre-emptive bid is when the player's cards are of such a nature that he must try to shut out both partner and opponents from any bidding. He has called his hand at the outset to its utmost and can never call again.

. . . . . .

The great argument against pre-emptive bidding, and it is a very sound and solid argument, is that it gives your opponents valuable information. As soon as you "open the ball" with a bid of three they begin to sit up and take notice. "Why did he bid three?" they think. "He is obviously afraid of something." The mere fact of your pre-emptive bid may lead them, if they are clever players, to adopt tactics which they would not otherwise have considered. Of course, if you find your partner with "the goods" it does not matter. Only, then, your pre-emptive bid has been unnecessary. But when your partner is weak or useless your pre-emptive bid may guide your opponents to the discovery of your weakness.

. . . . . .

Therefore, I would "rub in" again this maxim—Don't call high for the sake of calling high. Use the pre-emptive bid sparingly and seldom and only for a particular type of hand when it is desirable to try to shut out all bidding.

. . . .

Prizes have been awarded to: E. F. Morton, Middlesex Hospital, London, W.1. Miss Hardwicke, 14, Craven Street, Melton Mowbray, and A. C. Howard, St. Arvans, Young Park, Paignton, S. Devon.

. . . .

In a few days I hope to go to Monte Carlo for a few weeks, and although it will not interfere with my Bridge notes, it is difficult to run Competitions when abroad. I, therefore, propose to suspend them until my return.

To all my readers I wish a Happy and Prosperous New Year and lots of jolly rubbers at Bridge.

THE BURNING QUESTION

By Alfred Taylor

"Will you send me a ton of coal, please?"

"Certainly, madam. Do you prefer it delivered 'carte-de-visite' or 'cul-de-sac'?"

DEWAR'S

The Spirit of the Empire

JOHN DEWAR & SONS LIMITED and their Associated Companies own upwards of 29,000,000 GALLONS of Scotch Whisky in Bond in Scotland.

Photograph *Maull and Fox*

LONDON'S LOSS, PARIS' GAIN

Miss Vera Cooper whose dancing proved such a success at Ciro's (the London branch) is now in Paris conquering new worlds. She has been dancing at Claridge's where she is as popular as she was on this side of the Channel

Femina

Not Wisely—But Too Well

By "CANDIDA"

Now that the feasting and the dining are over, and the New Year is well begun, I'm wondering whether we're as good at the game as we used to be. It's one of the sure signs of growing old, so they say, this harking back to the "good old days," when people still did the things they don't do now any more. When they went to banquets, for instance, and solemnly applied themselves to fourteen courses, and left none the worse, so I take it. Or, earlier still, when stuffed boars' heads were considered pleasant little *entrées*, and a whole ox, or a stag, was no more than was expected of you at one night's hospitality. Considering the expense of things I thank heaven pharisaically that we're not as—well—hungry as we used to be. But one must give them their due; they had some intriguing ideas these hearty diners of long ago, enough to make a *bon viveur* and man-about-Town sit up and wonder. I saw the other day a description of the dodo, but not in a cookery book. "The dodo (best known to us, thanks to its inevitable "extinctness") was a bird," so it said, "with an enormous head, and enough flesh on its bones to fill . . . (one was nothing if not to the point) twelve seamen." That was something like a bird, and after that to come down to mere turkey, even with truffle and chestnut stuffing, seems quite dull. But we're paying, no doubt, for the sins of our three-bottle-men of fathers that we're quite aware of, and those of a dodo-gormandising ancestry which we've rather forgotten.

To be talking food, and not to quote Brillat-Savarin is an unpardonable omission. Not only did he create dishes (I can remember gratefully a delicious *savarin aux fraises* which he must have invented), but, apparently, he had a brain as well as a palate. "The fate of nations," he said, "depends on the food that they eat." No doubt it does if one saw the sequence. Now that I come to think of it he must have seen some events in France. *Le petit Trianon* and the great revolution, the rise and the fall of Napoleon, Austerlitz and Waterloo—to all of which, I take it, a *suprême de volaille* was a safe index, if you could read the signs of the times. And, again, "The invention of a new dish is more important to the well-being of mankind than the discovery of a new star." Less remote, at any rate, and once more I remember that *chef d'œuvre* of a *savarin*, and the fine June afternoon that inspired it at the café du Château de Madrid.

We've progressed since the days of the good Savarin. Dinners are shorter than they were, and subtler, too. All is still for the best in the best of possible worlds where they keep a really good *chef*, and people's attitude to life is of the fate-cannot-harm-me-I-have-dined-to-day-variety. As to which, it's an attitude mostly kept up by men. Women, when they're not staunch supporters of somebody's diet for their health or their figure's sake, are provokingly superior about their food. In the absence of tiresome husbands and people lots of them relapse, so to speak, into trays with tea and toast and a boiled egg. They have made a fine virtue out of their deficiencies. Very clever I call it.

They do say, though I can't remember who said it, that dinners in public will soon be a thing of the past. Time was when a queen's arising was a function of which nothing now survives except a few quaint titles and salaries. Even crowned heads, poor dears, have earned the right to a little privacy nowadays. The people who want to abolish the dinners maintain that it's no more decent to dine than it is—let's say—to wash in public; that nothing is more depressing and inartistic than the sight of a number of jaws moving rhythmically; and that even the prettiest woman in the circumstances looks, well, less pretty, etc., etc. Perhaps they're right. But meanwhile, as if to enrage these superior people, they've canonised the art of cooking, turned it into a "fine" art at the *Salon*, where it's mentioned at the tail-end of such important things as painting, sculpture, decoration and dress designing. Quite right, too, but I can't imagine how the artist-cooks, or shall we say the cook-artists, intend to exhibit their wares—I mean art?

Photograph **A LEADING LAYE-DY** *Yvonne Gregory*

Miss Evelyn Laye who has won fresh laurels in the name-part of "Madame Pompadour," the new play which seems likely to keep the box-office of Daly's Theatre working at top pressure for many moons

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English Visitors desiring further details or information will receive it free of charge by writing to Mme. Hénon, Villa de Palis, Rue des Roses, Monte Carlo.

"On Show" Sensations

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

No. VI.—Mid-day dreams—with judging at 3.30 p.m.!

A NEW YEAR TIP

By "THE KENNELMAN" *Sketches by NICOLSON*

IN wishing every reader of these Notes the happiest kind of a New Year, the Kennel folk heartily invite you all to go to the Dogs in 1924, assuring you in advance of as cheery a welcome and as good entertainment as could be obtained from any community on earth.

Admitting that folk wise enough regularly to peruse these pages thereby prove themselves members of one kind of aristocracy, it's natural they should be interested in the vital statistics of that other aristocracy, whose members figure in the doggy Debrett: the Kennel Club registers. Well, I believe it will be found that registrations during the year just ended have totalled over forty thousand; or very considerably more than the pre-War average.

That's for this country only, remember; and those who reach the K.C. Debrett are not more than one-half, or even, perhaps, one-third of the pedigree Dogs reared. (Omitting registration is really quite a misguided form of slackness.) It would be safe to estimate our Dog aristocrats at a hundred thousand, and the Dog populace of this country at over a million. So readers who wisely contemplate going to the Dogs won't lack company; and, to judge from the progress of the past six months, 1924 is going to prove a record year for British Dogdom.

There are some biggish north-country Shows this week, and towards the end of the month the Pekingese are to have field days, in Westminster and in Manchester. Otherwise, for the biggest events, north and south, we wait till next month, the 13th and 14th of which are ear-marked for Cruft's great exhibition. Thereafter, important functions will succeed one another rapidly.

This, of ourse, is *the* week for the making of good resolutions. The Dogs themselves specially recommend a few for your consideration:

Never to give a Dog an unnecessary or unpractical order.

Always to show appreciation of obedience; never to wink the other eye at disobedience.

Never to punish, even by a word, without being sure the defaulter knows his offence.

Never to tempt a Dog to dietary indiscretion or greed, and never to permit neglect, irregularity or unpunctuality, where the meal schedule is concerned.

Never to chain a Dog (any more than you'd manacle a human) unless for punishment; and never to allow a Dog to be deprived during any one day of reasonable freedom and exercise.

Unless for a short distance and at a leisurely gait, never to invite a Dog to follow a cycle or vehicle.

Never to permit a Dog's confinement in damp, dirt, or draughts—the three damnable D's.

Always to remember that the Dog is a *rational* and *sensitive person*, easily pleased, *and* easily hurt, because more understandingly and affectionately attached to us than any other non-human creature.

There are others. Also, there are rigid space limits. One, very strongly urged by the mothers of the canine community, must be added:

Breeders, never part with a Pup without forcing upon its purchaser a clear written statement as to the diet and general *régime* to ensure that Pup's thriving. Intending buyers of Pups, and adopters of Dogs generally, read carefully *Everybody's Dog Book*, with special attention to the chapters on adopting, educating and feeding.

My own reading in the holiday time was a new book which I commend to all students and friends of Dogs: Lieut.-Colonel E. H. Richardson's *Watch-Dogs: Their Training and Management* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*); close upon 300 large pages, with seventeen illustrations; embodying the considered gleanings of some thirty years' practical experience and expert observation.

Colonel Richardson was Commandant of the British War Dog School—one of several War-products which ought certainly to be maintained in peace-time.

You don't—if you're wise—expect to find yourself in agreement with every view expressed by any author. There's no end of room for discussion over some of Colonel Richardson's points—the chaining of watch-dogs, the feeding of pups, dietary generally, the guard and defence value of small Dogs, the relative capacity of certain breeds, etc.—but here is a man who can write lucid, readable English, who has studied and handled Dogs for many consecutive years, and whose views have been tested by practical work, and by the business of dealing on a large scale in trained Dogs. It follows, naturally, that what he writes has value, and repays study. Also, as I've found, it's extremely interesting. Therefore I say: Read *Watch-Dogs*.

To all statements that German dogs helped our soldiers in the War (a lie very frequently met with) or that they are capable of higher skill under training, a deaf ear should be turned. For intelligence, reliability of character, courage, humour and fidelity, there are no dogs in the world which can touch the British native breeds. . . .

English shepherd varieties and Airedales would have the Colonel's vote everytime, for practical work. His book demands further reference, another week; for I plainly see it will inspire controversy as well as interest. Meanwhile, be advised by me and buy (or beg, borrow, or steal) a copy, and read it. That's my New Year week's tip.

It is a safe general rule to lay down in the case of Puppies taken straight from the nest, that for a few days after leaving their dams they should be given not less than five or six small meals in each twenty-four hours. Thereafter, up to the age of four months, four meals. Thereafter, to six months: two square meals, and one mid-day snack. Thereafter, to twelve months, one square and one light meal; and, after that, either one meal and one snack, or one good square meal only, each twenty-four hours. Individual requirements differ so greatly that no scale of quantities can be laid down; but, especially in the earliest months, the proportion of raw, lean flesh should be high; fully equal to the proportion of farinaceous matter; and slops should always be avoided.

A FIVE SEATER?

An enthusiastic four-footed motorist finds a comfy if somewhat precarious seat on his master's new 8 h.p. four-seater Rover

CAR-OWNERS who visited the Commercial Vehicle Exhibition at Olympia were somewhat appalled at the enormous length some of the six-wheeled motor-coaches had attained. They visualised the difficulty of passing such in narrow lanes—winding roads, in which half the vehicle would be round one corner and the other half following like a snake beyond the bend, and they wondered whether driving would not become even more difficult than ever. Also, it must be remembered that the motor-coach nowadays on four wheels travels from sixteen to thirty miles an hour, and no doubt these six-wheelers will do much about the same pace, so that, unless we get straighter and wider roads, these passenger trains will become practically an obstruction to the ordinary car motorist in certain spots. Fortunately, the passenger coach driver is nowadays very efficient, and far more courteous to other users of the highways than he used to be, but he also has his grievance and those that I have talked to at various seaside resorts all asked that more efficient brakes should be provided for their increasing loads, and that the old-fashioned double sprag to prevent running downhill backwards should still form part of the equipment. But no doubt the Ministry of Transport will look into these things.

* * *

AMONG my discoveries at the Commercial Motor Vehicle Exhibition was the Bowman patent sectional radiator which appears to me to be an excellent idea both for pleasure cars and for commercial vehicles. It was originally designed to replace Ford radiators, when they got hit in a collision, and, as the early Ford owners were constantly ramming their little Ford vans into somebody's fence, car, or guard-posts on the islands, Mr. Bowman thought of the happy idea of building a radiator in which any section could be replaced when injured, without having to renew the whole radiator. Consequently, the Bowman sectional radiator is of the ordinary honeycomb type, divided into five sections. If any one of these gets damaged, it can be cut off and the remaining uninjured sections work perfectly well, so that the vehicle can get home or complete its journey instead of being entirely *hors de combat*. Also, as spare sections can be bought for a few shillings at any time, it is not a costly matter to replace the damaged portions.

I ALWAYS thought that the Michelin "gun" was an excellent device, and wondered that somebody had not found an equally useful warning signal to let the ordinary car-user know when a tyre is deflated. I got a circular recently from the Prima Company, Ltd., of Birmingham, who have introduced a Prima tyre guardian, which consists really of a castanet on the end of a light bracket that can be screwed on the tyre valve-stem and held in position by the rim nut. When the tyre is running ordinarily, inflated to its usual pressure, the castanet is silent, but, as soon as the tyre becomes deflated, it brings the device into operation, and the rattle of the castanet informs the driver that it is time to pull up and find out what is the matter. Of course, this will not be any good to deaf people, but then the ideal motorist, whose hearing is particularly acute, is susceptible to unusual noises. As they only cost half-a-crown each, it well repays a motorist to fit these on the four wheels for half a sovereign, and thus save himself from damaging the covers by running on them in a deflated condition.

* * *

THE European Grand Prix motor-car race for "two-litre" engine cars is to be held at Lyons in the first week of August over the same circuit, or part of it at any rate, as used for the 1914 race, which was run only a month before War was declared. I well remember we even cheered the Germans when they won that event amid the absolute silence of the French spectators. As the Germans will not be allowed to take part in this event in 1924, they will not be able to win any of the valuable money prizes offered for the series of races which are to take place here. For it is suggested that not only is the European Grand Prix to be run, but that there will also be races for touring cars, motor-cycles, and bicycle races, so as to make a grand week of it. The winner of the Grand Prix is to get 100,000 francs, beside lesser amounts to the second and third, so that the manufacturer is going to get a little of his money back, as well as the glory and honour of victory with which he has had to rest content in the past, for hitherto no cash prizes have been presented.

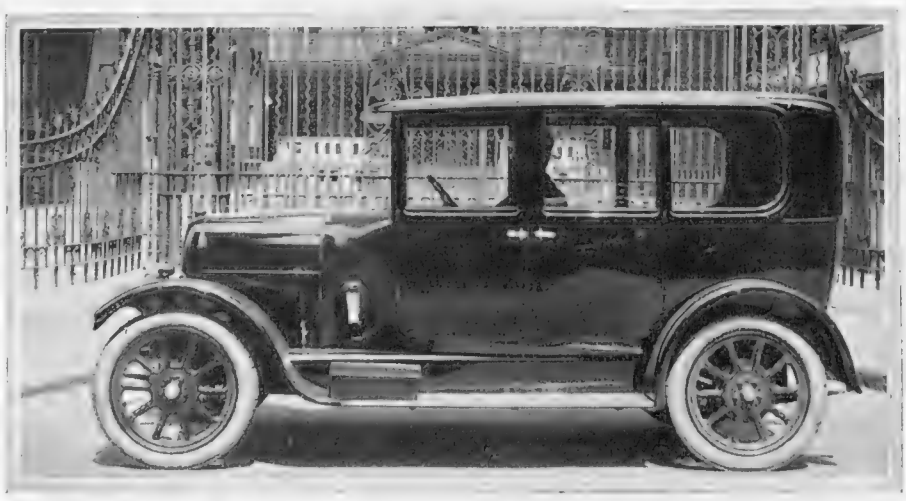
* * *

WITH regard to the question of the legality of the various systems operating four-wheeled brakes, it is interesting to learn from Messrs. A. Harper, Sons and Bean, Ltd., that the new Bean "Fourteen," introduced at Olympia, when supplied with four-wheel braking has actually six brakes. Thus all four wheels are braked simultaneously by pressure on the pedal, whilst an entirely independent pair of brake shoes in the rear wheel drum are operated by the hand brake levers. Users of the Bean, therefore, have nothing to fear in the event of any action being taken by the authorities under the Motor-Car Act of 1904, which specifies that two independent brakes shall be fitted on every motor vehicle.

* * *

FOUR-WHEEL brakes, with their instantaneous pulling-up powers, have already produced warning signals on some cars on which they are fitted for the benefit of following traffic. Thus the new 21 h.p. Lanchester has produced a design, for which registration has been applied, whereby vehicles may not crash into the rear tank, that is if they are far enough away when a halt is made. It consists of a red triangle fixed on the offside back wing, on the three sides of which appear "Front Wheel Brakes," which can be read at a distance of 15 to 20 yards behind the car, and the position on the offside wing of the car is such that the sidelight of the tail lamp will illuminate it at night-time. All the same, warning or no warning, I should feel happier if I had collision buffers at the back of any car I owned with four-wheel brakes. And I do hope manufacturers will make these buffers for both front and back of their vehicles a standard equipment.

OLD HY.



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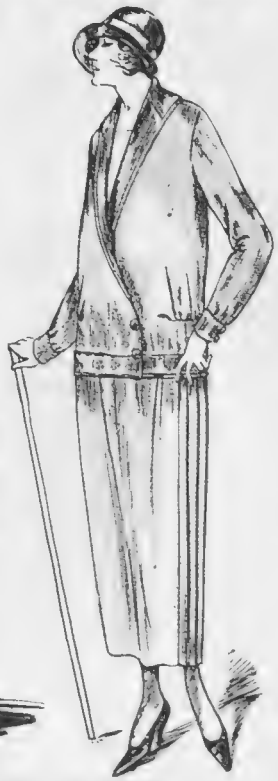

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35 SMART AFTERNOON FROCKS, different designs, many charmingly embroidered and made in good shades of rich quality materials, of which sketch in champagne coloured georgette embroidered in contrasting colours, is an example.
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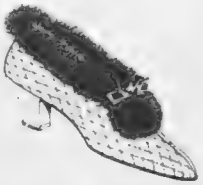

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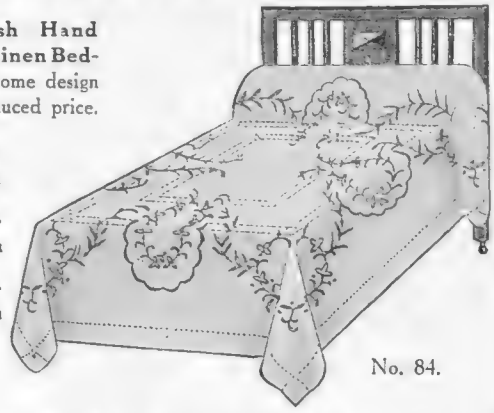

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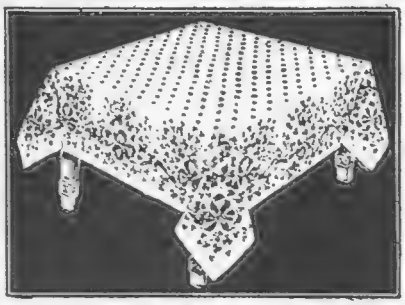
Sale of Irish Linens

IRISH LINEN TABLE DAMASK



No. 305. Linen Damask Table Cloths. Shamrock Border and Centre design. Our standard quality at bargain prices.

TABLE CLOTHS

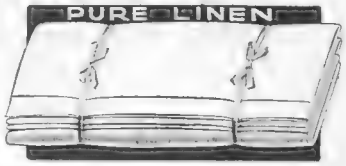
2 x 2 yards. Sale Price, each **22/6**
2 x 2½ ,, ,, ,, **28/-**
2 x 3 ,, ,, ,, **33/9**

NAPKINS to match

22 x 22 in. Sale Price, dozen **24/11**
24 x 24 in. ,, ,, **29/6**

IRISH LINEN SHEETS

M. Range. Reduced Sale Prices. A very superior make, woven from extra good pure flax yarns. Very strongly recommended. Hemmed.



	Medium	Fine
2 x 3 yds. Single Bed. Pr.	**60/9**	**69/6**
2½ x 3 ,, Double Bed. Pr.	**79/9**	**91/-**

IRISH LINEN PILLOW CASES

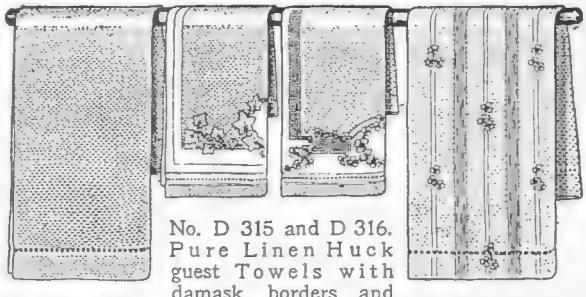
Hemmed Linen Pillow Cases.

		Medium	Fine
20 x 30 ins.	Dozen	**57/3**	**66/-**

Hemstitched Linen Pillow Cases.

		Medium	Fine
20 x 30 ins.	Each	**7/6**	**8/9**

IRISH LINEN TOWELS



No. D 314. Pure Linen Huck Face Towels with hemstitched ends. For hard wear. Size 26 x 39 ins.
Size Price, doz. **38/9**

No. D 315 and D 316. Pure Linen Huck guest Towels with damask borders and hemstitched ends. Excellent value. Size 15 x 22 ins.
Sale Price, doz. **19/11**

No. D 317. All over design Huck Face Towels with hemstitched ends. Special value. Size 20 x 36 ins.
Sale price, doz. **28/6**

TURKISH COTTON BATH TOWELS

1,000 Dozen Hemmed Turkish Bath Towels, reliable quality, exceptionally cheap. Size, 24 x 49 ins., each **2/9**. Size, 27 x 51 ins., each **3/-**.
Hemmed Turkish Bath Sheets. Our standard qualities at very low prices. 48 x 72 ins., each **8/6, 14/6, 15/9**.

LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS

500 doz. Ladies' hemstitched sheer Linen Handkerchiefs (woven cord borders assorted). Wonderful value. Worth **7/6**.
Sale Price per dozen **5/-**.

25% under regular price. 120 dozen Ladies' Fine Linen Hemstitched (Job) about 14 x 14 in. usually **11/9**
Sale Price, per doz. **8/11**

300 dozen Men's Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 2 in. hem, 19½ x 19½ in. excellent value.
Per doz. **17/6**

Special Offer Pure Linen Damask Cloths and Napkins much under regular price.

TABLE CLOTHS

2 x 2 yds. Sale Price **11/10** each. 2 x 2½ yds. Sale Price **15/-** each

NAPKINS to match

22 x 22 in. Sale Price **16/-** doz. 24 x 24 in. Sale Price **18/9** doz.

Illustrated Sale List sent post free on request.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD.,
The Linen Hall, Regent Street, London, W.
BELFAST LIVERPOOL

GOOCHS

EXCEPTIONAL

WINTER SALE

NOW PROCEEDING

Smart and serviceable dress for ladies, children, and men—all marked down to clear quickly.

To save additional book-keeping, we offer a further 5 *per cent. discount (1/- in the £) on all cash purchases during the sale. All goods marked in plain figures as usual.*

No catalogue is issued, as our stocks will clear so rapidly. No special purchases are made for the sale, and goods cannot be exchanged after purchase, or sent on approval.

Tube Station: Knightsbridge. GOOCHS Ltd *'Phone: Kens. 5100*

BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

3/6 net. **NOW READY** **Post free 3/10**

The Financial Times

INVESTOR'S GUIDE.

¶ This book is the most up-to-date, comprehensive, and authoritative work on Stock Exchange operations.

¶ The book is written by experts for non-experts and comprises in a popular form all that it is really requisite for the holder or purchaser of shares to know in connection with Stock Exchange practice and the handling of investments.

¶ Care has been taken to avoid, as far as possible, the use of technicalities, so as to make the book readily comprehensible to the general reader, the object being to produce a practical handbook for everyday use by the investing public.

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CHAPTER VI.—Mining Shares.
CHAPTER VII.—Tea and Rubber Shares.
CHAPTER VIII.—Oil Shares.
CHAPTER IX.—Trustee Stocks
CHAPTER X.—Investment Trust Companies.
CHAPTER XI.—Shares with a Liability.
CHAPTER XII.—Options.
CHAPTER XIII.—New Issues, Calls, etc.
CHAPTER XIV.—Underwriting.
CHAPTER XV.—Prices and their Meaning.
CHAPTER XVI.—Tax Free Investments.
CHAPTER XVII.—"Inside" and "Outside" Brokers.
CHAPTER XVIII.—How to read a Prospectus.
CHAPTER XIX.—How to read a Balance-sheet.
CHAPTER XX.—Different Classes of Capital.
CHAPTER XXI.—Hints to Investors, General and Legal.
CHAPTER XXII. Standard Times.
CHAPTER XXIII.—Brokers' Commissions and Stamp Duties.
CHAPTER XXIV.—Glossary of Stock Exchange Terms.

The book is on sale at the Railway Station Bookstalls, and can be obtained on order from all Booksellers, or direct from the Publisher *The Financial Times*, 72 Coleman Street, London, E.C. 2, post free, 3/10

Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY.

Sales Ahead!

SWEPT off the board for another year is all and everything pertaining to Christmas—Santa Claus, bran-pies, monster crackers, and the thousand and one fripperies over which much money has been spent. We are now faced by a solid wall of sales; to the right and left of us, these bi-annual clearances will be buzzing with the advent of the New Year. The first week is always momentous, and those in dead earnest buckle on their armour of patience, discernment, and physical endurance, and, thus equipped, sally forth for the biggest scrums. The second week usually sees enthusiasm tailing off a little, and then comes half time, and a re-marking down of prices, the final week repeating the feverish onrush of the first.

A SIMPLE TEAGOWN

The most striking feature is the loose back drapery pulled through a ring of lace to finish in a tapering side train. The material is periwinkle blue silk marocain, with a skirt of silvered lace

Original design by "Beta"

Famed For Fur Bargains

UPROOTED, like all shops located for years in Regent Street, the Wholesale Fur Company are now permanently settled in larger and more commodious premises, 12, Conduit Street, W., where they still adhere to their traditional first floor *salons*. It is wholly superfluous at this date to enlarge on the prestige of a firm that prefers to carry on without the assistance of a shop window. The fact is sufficiently significant to speak for itself, and, in pursuance of their usual custom, this house not merely marks down the price of all made-up coats, cloaks, and little furs, but undertakes the making of advance new models, or the renovating of old ones, at appreciably reduced rates, throughout the month.

Prominent among the many alluring bargains to be found here are kit fox ties from 3 guineas, the like sum acquiring a fashionable collarette in cub bear. There are, however, several special lines in this pelt, which is strongly recommended for hard wear, despite its soft and silky appearance. The quality offered is the very best procurable, and the company are satisfied that for value these particular sets are unique. Smart little beaver coney coats start as low as 9 guineas, and are very covetable possessions; as also is a charming model of French beaverette, finished with one of the new gathered shawl collars, and lined flowered *broché* that is selling at 23 guineas.

Those Little Garçon Frocks

WITH their shingled heads, slim, flat, boyish figures without hips, the young girls of the moment are adopting a quite unique pose, and dressing the part to perfection in simple little frocks with pleated vests and Peter Pan collars and small rakish pull-on duvetyn hats.

Our artist has caught her to a nicety in the adjoined picture where she is wearing a navy or black repp frock—an epitome of simplicity—the tight wrap-over skirt surmounted by a short-belted coatee bodice. For the pleated chemisette collar and cuffs there is used a delicate *beige* heavy-weight georgette, to which the stockings and low heel suede shoes are toned—the latter, of course, finished with patent toe-caps—and also the quills in the small hat of black or navy duvetyn, which are flecked with gold. Or, again, this is the type of demure gown that many elect to complete by a pair of coloured kid shoes, perhaps repeating this note of vivid contrast in the feathers adorning the hat. It is all essentially youthful, piquant, and very much of the moment.

A Tea-Gown that reflects the Sales

THE formula as to what constitutes a tea-gown, grows more elastic every year. The designers of this delightful adjunct to a wardrobe, having no tradition to follow, are laws unto themselves, as best pleases their eye and taste. They follow Greek lines, annex sleeves from the Renaissance period, flowing pleats from the Watteau, or are just frankly modern—our original illustrated suggestion falling into the latter category.

A LA GARÇONNE

A simple little frock in navy or black repp, which gives the right note to the boyish lines and shingled hair of the girl of to-day

Original design by Betty Nisbet

At the sales, eyes might be kept open for a short length of periwinkle blue silk marocain, together with sufficient silver or silvered lace to complete the model. A few yards of silver braid are likewise required to edge the lace, the latter being mounted over a jap silk of the same blue. Something of a feature is the manner in which the soft, loose back drapery is pulled through a ring of the lace, to finish in a tapering train that is weighted by a handsome silk and silver thread tassel.

Studied Severity in Rich Materials

THIS is the impression conveyed by many of the best-dressed women just now. There is no suggestion of the one-time superfluous or extraneous piece of decoration; the outline or prescribed silhouette is always preserved. Although one frequently sees deep bands of fur or embroidery

employed in sections, but there is always some artistic reason for their presence, so that they never, as the saying goes, hit you in the face, and the like rule holds in connection with millinery. There is immense variety, but no ostentation in the guise of elaborate ornamentation. At the same time the entire shape may embody a wealth of fine handwork either in the actual modelling or in embroidery, stencilling and the like.

One of the most attractive little hats is made of something closely resembling tooled leather. It is, however, perfectly soft and pliable, the small brim rolled up or down as best becomes the wearer, who frequently elects to drop it well down over one eye. Many of the small hats reveal on near inspection the mingling of *soutache* and ribbon, perhaps broken by narrow intersecting lines of untarnishable metal *galon*. Indeed, the weirdest and most unexpected things are culled to the service of millinery of the hour—anything, in fact, that is capable of making for artistic effect.

A few large hats have been dispatched to the Riviera, made of crinoline straw. The crowns are soft and prettily folded or dented, with brims stiffened to prevent them flopping. Generally speaking though, the small hat reigns supreme, and is likely to continue to do so, as long as hair is shingled, bobbed or dressed close to the head.

A Lingerie Sale Suggestion

ALWAYS a prominent feature on remnant counters are the short lengths of such covetable materials as delicately coloured triple ninon, crêpe de chine and even heavyweight georgette, which the fastidious-minded with shallow purses mark down quickly for some extra smart piece of *dessous*. Lingerie is, undoubtedly, one of the biggest seductions and temptations of the day, and the ever-increasing demand is emphasised by the number of establishments cropping up as specialists in that connection.

SOME IDEAS FOR LINGERIE
Sketched by Betty Nisbet

As with outer and more visible attire, the amount of delicate handwork embodied in these apparently simple confections might well cause our much-vaunted great-grandmothers to admit themselves beaten. To meet the dress requirements of the day, the main essential is to keep everything as straight and flat as possible, a fact made obvious in the adjoined original suggestions for an up-to-date *robe de nuit* and pair of cami-knickers. The former takes merely a width (divided in half) of lavender mauve triple ninon, supplemented by a deep yoke and side pieces of Point de Paris lace, the whole drawn lightly to the figure by a slotted old pink ribbon tied in a bow either side. The ever-useful picoting finishes the edge of the lace, a tiny wreath of French lingerie roses decorating one side of the front. On identically similar lines are the cami-knickers, rather more lace being employed for this garment than triple ninon, any small scraps left over fashioning the little boudoir cap,

(*Continued on page x*)

Blüthner

"The Stradivarius of Pianofortes."

EVERYONE recognises the pleasures, educative value and fun that a *good* Piano-Player affords.

Every member of the family can play it. Music of all kinds—songs, dances, jazz tunes or classical compositions can be performed at will by hand or with music rolls.

The great thing is to guard against buying "rubbish."

The cheapest instruments are not necessarily the most economical.

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There isn't a better Piano-Player on the market.

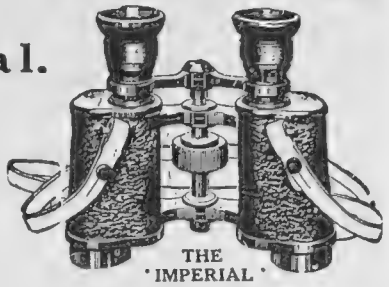
The Player is a British Product made in our own workshops at Acton, London, N.W., by highly skilled British Specialists.

A small initial payment will secure immediate delivery.

Agents in all parts of England. Catalogue sent on request.

BLÜTHNER & CO., LTD.,
13-17, Wigmore St., London, W.

A Good Field Glass is an essential.


THE 'IMPERIAL'

At the races, in the car, attending sports meetings, etc., the field glass that is light, inexpensive, and yet has sufficient power, can prove invaluable in many ways. The "Imperial" binocular illustrated here, although perfectly new, is from parts left over from our war contracts, thus enabling us to turn out a really good field glass at a price which is exceedingly low. Each glass has central screw focussing, independent adjustable eyepiece and jointed centre bar, and may be obtained in two magnifications, X6 and X8.

Magnification X6. Diameter of Object Glass 24 mm. Price, *post free,* **£3:5:0**
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(Complete with Leather Sling Case and Lanyard.)

Watch Pocket Aneroid BAROMETER.

Made entirely in England, these barometers have been specially designed for measuring heights, but their excellent finish fully qualifies them for use as an ordinary barometer of exceptional accuracy. Diameter 1¾", oxidised revolving altitude scale measures 8,000 or 10,000 feet. Compensated for temperature. PRICE, *Post Free* **£1:10:0**

FREE *at any of our branches, the "Sights of London," Booklet, being a profusely illustrated guide to our famous city. Call or send a postcard for your copy.*

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LONDON, LEEDS, SWANSEA & CANTERBURY.

LOOK FOR THE OWL IN THE WINDOW.

Do your shoes FIT?

1. *Have your toes got free play?*
2. *Does the widest part of your shoe coincide with the widest part of your foot?*
3. *Does your shoe fit close and snug under and around the arch of the foot giving adequate support?*

IN well over 90 per cent, of cases the answers to the above questions are in the negative. The reason is that shoe manufacturers and the public hitherto have failed to recognize the many and far-reaching troubles which directly arise from the wearing of shoes and boots that do not truly fit and because, as an almost universal rule, retailers do not stock each size and half-size in more than two or three widths, making it a physical impossibility for them to fit correctly more than a small percentage of their customers.

Babers stock shoes in from six to nine widths in every size and half-size (instead of the usual two or three widths).

They fit the foot accurately and scientifically with shoes and boots of the very latest and smartest style and finish. They measure the foot, not from heel to toe, but from heel to the ball of the foot (*i.e.*, the largest joint of the big toe), so as to enable them to fit all that part of the foot closely, giving support where support is welcome and needed, especially at the side and under the arch of the foot, whilst the toes are allowed ample space so as to avoid cramping or distortion.

Babers can give immediate and lasting relief to 90 per cent of those who suffer from actual foot trouble, and can ensure freedom from future foot trouble or ill-health arising from incipient foot trouble to all others.

All interested are urged to call at 309, Oxford Street, when Babers will be pleased to demonstrate their method and prove their claims with the aid of the X-RAY machine. You will not be urged or asked to purchase. If you cannot call you can learn more of Babers method by writing for Booklet "O," which describes fully the simple and commonsense principle underlying it.

Do not overlook the immense importance of correctly fitting shoes for your children. Babers carry an extensive stock of children's shoes in their special fittings.

BABERS, 309, Oxford Street, London, W.1.
Babers, Ltd., Jersey. *(Opposite D. H. Evans).* *Tel.: Mayfair 1323*

ANY BOY OR GIRL CAN WIN ONE OF THESE VALUABLE PRIZES

Here is a fine chance for any boy or girl under 16 years of age! All you have to do is to choose one of the simple pictures in Wright's Prize Painting-Book and paint it as shown—taking great care, of course. The first prize for a boy or girl from 8 to 16 years old is £5; the first prize up to 8 years is £3. And there are many other money prizes of different value—100 Hawk-Eye Cameras (real ones made by Kodak) and 200 Jewelled Pencil Cases. Get your painting-book to-day.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

WHAT TO DO.
Obtain a copy of Wright's Prize Painting Book from your Chemist or Grocer, which contains full information. If any difficulty, a copy will be sent immediately on receipt of 1d. stamp addressed to "Painting Competition," Dept. 17, Wright, Layman & Umney, Ltd., 44-50, Southwark St., London, S.E.1.

SALE DURING JANUARY

GREAT REDUCTIONS in LINGERIE, CHILDREN'S FROCKS, BABY LINEN. Entire Stock of our Fine Quality Goods is to be cleared. EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY for best goods at BARGAIN PRICES.

ALSO

Fine Real Laces, Embroideries & Handkerchiefs.

A Large Stock of REAL FLEMISH, FILET, CLUNY and IRISH LACE will be marked at great reductions to clear, for Lingerie and Dresses.
Embroidered and Fancy Handkerchiefs in half dozen packets—15/- to 35/- the ½ doz.
Lengths of Antique Lace from 21/- to £30. Some remarkable bargains.
REMNANTS of good Nottingham Laces, 2/6 to 35/-.
Real Lace Modesty Slips, Collars, Scarves, Berthes, Handkerchiefs, much reduced.
REMNANTS—Lovely Real Lace at Bargain Prices—21/- to £30 the piece.

GOODS SENT FOR SELECTION

Please give a good idea of requirements.

Remnants of Embroideries and Trimming Laces for Baby Clothes and Lingerie. Wide Embroidered Flouncings for Robes and Frocks. Parcels sent for selection. Much reduced.

Modesty Slips and Collar in Real Lace from 25/- to 55/-. As Illustration 42/-. Any Goods sent on approval.

Fine Lace Handkerchiefs from 3/9 to £3/-. A beautiful variety sent on approval.

P. STEINMANN & CO., 185-186, Piccadilly, London, W.1
FOUNDED 1865. *1st Floor. Not a shop.*

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

This artistic sign has been made for erection in the neighbourhood of the Giant's Causeway. On the left we get a picture of the Causeway, with interesting information about it and on the right, Fingal's Cave, similarly captioned, the sign therefore acting as a unique finger-post

its lace border lightly wired to stand away from the face.

Looking Her Best

NOTHING looks worse than a soiled dance dress, be it ever so good and well-made. A wearer conscious of this defect seldom looks or feels at her best. And yet the remedy is so simple. Just pack the creation, whatever it is, off to the Castlebank Service, 369, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, or the nearest branch office, and it will be returned as good as new and ready to put on.

Among other items they are especially skilled in, is the dyeing of evening satin shoes, a fact that bears particularly on the recent revival for satin footgear to match the gown. And yet another, the art they employ in cleaning, dyeing and remodelling velour, felt and straw hats. To aid selection when remodelling is desired, the firm keep a selection of the newest shapes at all their branch depôts, besides issuing a fully illustrated leaflet and also giving a list of colours available, a small extra charge of from sixpence to a shilling being made for a customer's individual choice. Since the Castlebank firm added repairs to the cleaning of men's clothes, that section has become one of the busiest and most sought after.

Lock, Stock and Barrel

One of the handiest little sporting rifles on the market is the Vickers ·22. The standard match rifle, which is guaranteed up to 200 yards, only weighs 7¾ lbs. or the neat little rook rifle a pound less. They are fitted with the new Vickers' aperture click back-sight with fine adjustment, and the Vickers' interchangeable foresight, so that with these, and the three-hole variable eyepiece, there is no excuse for a low score. The Vickers' Crayford Works in Kent are turning out just now a great many of the famous "Vanguard" single-barrel sporting gun—a special model for the Colonial markets. The ·242 and ·318 magazine express rifles, too, are as popular as ever. The new ·318 with five cartridge magazine, Mauser bolt-action, and chequered pistol grip, is an exceedingly well finished product and a bargain at £27.

MISS DOROTHY BENNETT
The promising soprano who sang at Cramer's Ballad Concert last month. She does a great deal of broadcasting in addition to her concert work

A Calendar Gift

Emile, Ltd., of 24 and 25 Conduit Street, have written to say that they will be pleased to forward their pocket calendar for 1924 to any BYSTANDER readers making application.

A Present Help

To those who are thinking of birthday or New Year presents for children, a copy of *Gladys Peto's Children's Annual* (Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd.: 6*s*. net) will come as a solution of the problem. This is a delightful volume full of stories and verses, and is illustrated profusely with colour and black and white pictures in Miss Peto's inimitable style.

As Regards Diaries

Every Christmas I send my brother Eric a small diary, so every year, little by little, I'm worming myself into his good graces, no easy job where Eric is concerned. The diary, however, was a Charles Letts this year, so my hopes are high. You see, they are published in such variety of style and binding, and are so attractive, that you can't help getting one that will please—even Eric.

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT TO THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING & QUEEN

ROWE
OF BOND STREET

CLOTHES
for
YOUNG MEN, YOUNG LADIES
SCHOOL BOYS, SCHOOL GIRLS
and
CHILDREN OF KINDERGARTEN AGE

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New Term Outfits

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NORTH AFRICAN MOTOR TOURS
15 Distinct Itineraries for Tours from London to
Algeria - Tunisia - Morocco
Visiting amongst other places CASABLANCA, RABAT, MARRAKESH (Morocco City), FEZ, FIGUIG, LAGHOUAT, BOU SAADA, BISKRA, CONSTANTINE, TUGGURT, TUNIS, KAIROUAN, TIMGAD, CARTHAGE, The palm-clad OASES of the SAHARA. The snow-capped Atlas. Caravans & Camping in the Desert, etc.
LONDON TO ALGIERS IN TWO DAYS
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Company's own Luxurious Private Cars.
Special feature: The fares are absolutely inclusive, even of Gratuities, Baths, Afternoon Tea, etc., etc.
Full particulars from any Tourist Agency, or
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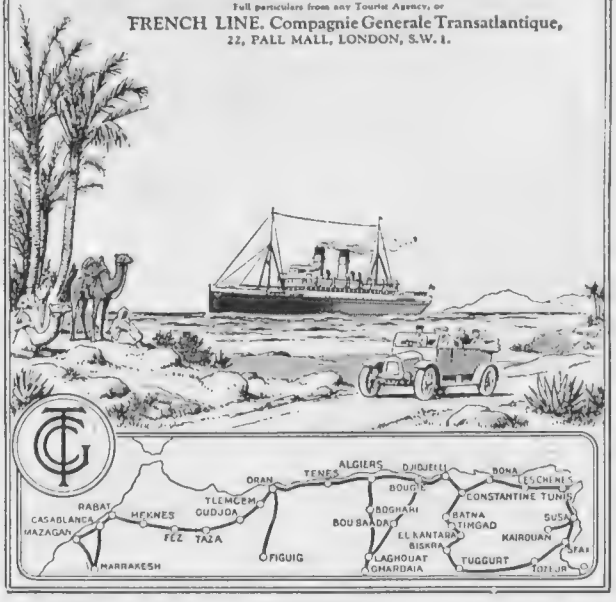


The New British Soap for British Beauty

Many who have tried Olva, Price's great new Palm and Olive Oil Soap —*made in England*—tell us that we ought to say more than we do about its wonderful qualities—but for 6d. this supreme beauty soap will tell its own story. Buy one of the fascinating tablets and test it to-day.

No words can convey a complete idea of the soft, caressing lather which cleanses and beautifies; of the scent which leaves a charming and elusive fragrance.

Olva is undoubtedly the finest achievement of soap-making science. It has been made specially to suit a type of complexion which is the envy of the world.

Remember to say "Olva"

6d.

PER TABLET

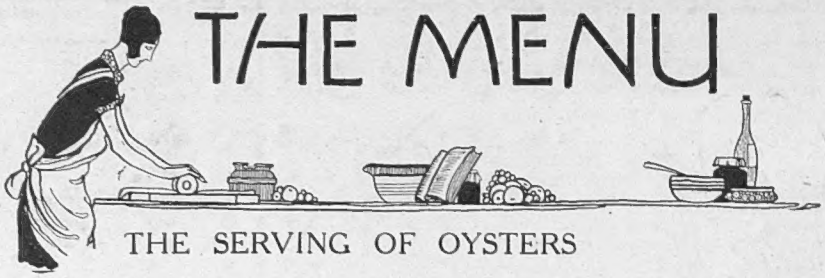
Each tablet protected by a dainty carton.

Olva

PALM AND OLIVE OIL

Soap

OL. 5—34 Price's Soap Co. Ltd., London



THE MENU

THE SERVING OF OYSTERS

Oyster Cocktail

A TEASPOONFUL of vinegar, a few drops of lemon-juice, a drop or two of Tabasco sauce and rather more of tomato ketchup, to six oysters with all the liquor, well seasoned with salt and pepper. These ingredients should be well mixed in a large tumbler.

Oyster Soup

Three pints of white stock and three dozen oysters will be required. Scald the oysters in their own liquor; take them out, beard them and put them in a tureen. Take a pint of the stock, put in the beards and the liquor, which must be strained, and simmer for half an hour. Take it off the fire, strain it again, and add the remainder of the stock, with some cayenne pepper, salt and mace to taste. Bring it to the boil, add a thickening of butter and flour, simmer for five minutes, stir in a quarter of a pint of boiling cream or milk, pour it over the oysters and serve. This soup is sufficient for six persons.

Oyster Baskets

Scoop out the interiors of some smooth tomatoes, which have been cut in half, and drain them from juice. Take some large stewing oysters, cut them into dice, make a good white sauce, flavour with the liquor from the oysters, a little cayenne and lemon-juice. Fill the tomatoes with these and place parsley stalks across for the handles. Dish on fried croûtons and send up hot to table.

Oyster Soufflé

Mince and rub two dozen oysters through a sieve. Blanch and beard a dozen large oysters, and cut each one into four pieces. Put 2 ozs. of butter and 1 oz. of flour into a stewpan and stir till blended, then add a gill of oyster liquor and stir altogether till it thickens and the flour is well cooked. Put this sauce and the pounded oysters into a mortar, and pound them well together, adding two yolks of eggs, one at a time, salt, cayenne and a quarter of a pint of cream. When these are all thoroughly mixed, beat three whtes of eggs to a stiff froth and stir them into the mixture very lightly; then put in the oysters. Butter a mould, pour in the mixture, cover it with buttered paper, and steam it gently for half an hour.

Scalloped Oysters

Open and beard a dozen oysters and scald them for a second in their own liquor. Make a white sauce, into which some oyster liquor is poured, add a little cayenne, a saltspoonful of anchovy sauce and a squeeze of lemon. Boil this till it is thick. Put the oysters in scallop shells or the small casserole cups, pour the white sauce over them, strew breadcrumbs on the top and place some butter in small pieces over. Be sure they are well browned, and send to table very hot.

Oysters à la Maître d'Hôtel

Wash and drain two dozen oysters. Put them in a stewpan or chafing-dish with one tablespoonful of butter; stir carefully, and when the edges of the oysters begin to curl add the juice of half a lemon, one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley and a little salt and pepper. Serve on slices of hot buttered toast. N.B.—Suitable for a supper-dish after the theatre.

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